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# The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THE November number of the *Valley Magazine*, which was issued on the 5th inst., presents a fine literary repast to fastidious readers. The list of contributors includes such well-known writers as John H. Raftery, Charles M. Kurtz, Edwin L. Sabin, T. K. Hedrick, Will A. Page, Frances Porcher, William Marion Reedy, Countess Annie de Montaigu and Francis A. House. The *Valley Magazine* may be bought at all news stands, at five cents a copy. The price of yearly subscription is fifty cents. So far as strength and originality of contents is concerned, it has no equal.

## MR. MANSFIELD'S ART

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY

NOT even Sir Henry Irving himself is the superior of Mr. Richard Mansfield in stage craft.

In fact, after beholding the Mansfield revival of "Julius Cæsar," one is strongly tempted to proclaim Mr. Mansfield the greatest stage genius of the modern English-speaking world. Even his mobs in this play, as presented at the Olympic this week, are superior to the great mob scenes in Irving's "Robespierre."

Nothing Mr. Mansfield has ever done, and he has done much, and well, has quite the charm of his *Brutus*. There is in the role, as he portrays it, a subtle development of character marching to doom that is miraculously revelative. There is in its strength a strain of tenderness that none may resist, a pathos in its vigor that lays hold upon the auditor with a power that will not be denied its mastery. There is that in the part which seems to have been waiting there for expression in the peculiar, meticulous, delicately modulated reading of this artist. This heretofore hidden pity of the part is indeed new to the world. *Brutus* never was so gently portrayed before. Mr. Mansfield puts into it a minor note that evokes one's memories of "old forgotten far off things." And yet it is just this minor note, this intimation of *Brutus'* foresight of the failure of his high emprise that emphasizes the true greatness of "the noblest Roman of them all." The pity of the role disturbs not its majesty; rather enhances it. It gives the character a nobility of which many of us never dreamed. At first *Brutus* appears to be but a minor factor in the tragedy, but gradually he emerges from twilight into the glare of great things and dominates the action by sheer force of rugged honesty and high purpose and then goes into eclipse with a dignity that scorns the triviality of death. Mansfield's *Brutus* is lyric, almost, rather than utterly tragic. It is more romantic than classic. It is conceived, one should say, by a man who has in him much of the feeling of the musician and the painter. One might almost say that it is sentimental, but that would be too deprecatory of the delightful, the exquisite artistry of the presentation. The man *Brutus*, is more even than *Brutus* the patriot. In the tinge of sadness in him one perceives an ineffaceable element of his greatness. You recognize it for the same thing that impresses you when you behold some beautiful or sublime aspect of nature. As the drama moves on to its tremendous destinies, *Brutus* comes forth in the full splendor of grand character, and his every mood, every gesture, every tone has a thrill in it. In the assassination scene he looms big, although in actual effort he does little. Somehow, there is a suddenness in his stepping forth to deliver his stab as if he half hesitated to strike the blow. Indeed, methinks that Mr. Mansfield has put a deal of *Hamlet's* irresolution into his conception of *Marcus Brutus*. The self-effacement of *Brutus* before *Marc Antony* after the murder is a thing so fine as to defy analysis. In the quarrel scene with *Cassius*, the nobility of the man shines forth and in the scene of the vision in his tent, we find that supreme touch of the *outre* which Mansfield so well effected in his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." 'Tis a strangely quiet *Brutus*—this of Mr. Mansfield's. There's nothing

burly or boisterous about it. It is strong with restraint. It is great with the greatness of character, rather than with the loudness of words. It is, in short, the best thing Mr. Mansfield has ever done, the thing for which his genius had been waiting, the thing that shows him at his best as elocutionist, actor, stage-manager.

The supporting company is so good that it would take more space than one has at command to specify its excellences. Mr. Arthur Forrest rose to great heights in his *Marcus Antonius*. To me he realized the part perfectly. He had the face, the manner, the glib tongue, the sensuous spirit that made one see how he could easily have charmed "the serpent of old Nile." Something of the serpent was in him, too, and yet over and above it all was the power that made him an unforgettable figure in one of the world's greatest dramas. His scene in the Senate chamber when he came upon *Cæsar's* corpse was enacted with a suggestion of cunning underneath his grief that seemed the perfect representation of Shakespeare's idea. His oration over *Cæsar's* dead body, following upon that of Mansfield as *Brutus*, was a genuine triumph. Of course, it was in a different genre from Mansfield's, but it was splendidly florid in places, dextrously delicate in irony and sinister in underlying motive. It played upon the mob as upon a keyboard. It was full of fine pauses. It was theatrical, as it should have been, being made for the groundlings. And it played upon the audience as effectively as upon the mob. Mr. Forrest's *Marcus Antonius* will be spoken of by some of us to our grandchildren as one of our most vivid memories of the stage of our prime.

Mr. Arthur Greenway was an emaciated, etiolated *Cæsar*, physically, but he is such a capable actor, such an understanding reader of the text that one forgot his frame and was lifted up to him in the stronger passages. Mr. Barry Johnstone played *Cassius* and he made the part as—well, not repugnant, but dimly unpleasant as the role calls for in the book. In the quarrel scene Mr. Johnstone was, of course, at a disadvantage. The sympathy of the audience, naturally, was not with him; but he was not eclipsed altogether by the splendid sentiments, the sonorous diction, the massive, granitic characterfulness of *Brutus*. To say that for Mr. Johnstone is, I think, to say much. Mr. Ernest C. Warde, I thought, managed to make the comparatively trifling role of *Decimus Brutus* stand out in a way that would have been impossible to anyone without the true actor's sense. Miss Maude Hoffman as *Calpurnia* and Miss Dorothy Hammond as *Portia* were as effective as could have been expected in roles of such insignificance, in an acting sense, in the development of the play. The "others" were uniformly good, down even to the "Nubian slaves."

Lovers of the theater who may fail to see Mr. Mansfield's "Julius Cæsar" this week will long have something for which to reproach themselves. It is such a performance as must rank with the great things of stageland. It is a performance, too, which, somehow, seems to harmonize Mr. Mansfield, and to bring out that in him which makes one sympathize with and love him, where before one only could admire him as an artist. I confess that his *Brutus* seemed to me to be very much of an expression of a gentler, better, more affection-breeding self in Mr. Mansfield than I ever suspected in

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him. That sad note running through the role, a note that is at times almost poignant, seems a cry of a man almost as alone as *Brutus* was in the splendid, purple, Roman days. It is a great artist, indeed, who can win, as Mr. Mansfield does in *Brutus*, both plaudits for his genius and affection for himself as a man.

### REFLECTIONS

#### *Labor in the Philippines*

OME time ago, Prof. J. W. Jenks, of Cornell, University, was commissioned by the Federal government to investigate the colonial systems of England, France and Holland, with especial reference to the economic policies involved. The New York *Independent* contains a synopsis of his report, which is of decided interest to the Government and the American people in general, particularly as it throws some new light upon, and makes some striking recommendations in reference to the labor problem in the Philippine Islands. "The great demand for labor," says Prof. Jenks, "which has arisen since the American occupation has doubled or, in many cases, trebled wages. Where an ordinary house-servant, under the Spanish régime, received \$6 or \$8 a month and boarded himself, one now receives from \$15 to \$25 or \$30 a month. In some cases even these wages are now paid in gold. No one who has not experienced serious embarrassment from lack of service can realize the difficulties under which employers are working in the Philippines today." The natives are indolent; they are not anxious to work; they prefer to dream their lives away and to exist under the most primitive conditions. It is only the Chinaman who is willing to work, and renders fairly efficient service. But the policy and laws of the United States government are averse to Chinese labor, and are thus seriously handicapping the development of the archipelago and putting a wet blanket upon industrial ambition and enterprise. "A very important English ship-building concern, convinced that Manila harbor furnished a very good location, possibly the best location left in the East, for a great ship-building and ship-repairing establishment, was prepared to engage in that enterprise if it might be permitted to bring skilled Chinese laborers into the Islands to start work. It was expected that with these trained ship-builders, Filipinos might work as apprentices for a time, and it was hoped, at any rate, that within five or six years, the skilled Chinese might be replaced in part, or entirely, by equally skilled Filipinos. Until, however, the company could be assured that it might import skilled Chinese labor, it was entirely unwilling to invest capital in this most important enterprise." Prof. Jenks believes that the more intelligent and progressive elements of the Filipino people are in favor of Chinese immigration, and recognize the comparative uselessness of the native as an effective and steady workingman. It is, principally, the political agitator who is opposed to the importation of Chinese labor, although the latter is most in demand and secures the best wages. The Chinaman is needed in the islands. He should be admitted, under proper regulations and restrictions. Prof. Jenks advocates the adoption of the following measures touching upon Chinese immigration: "Let a careful registration be made of every Chinaman in the islands, and subject every new Chinaman introduced to a penalty, if he is found away from his registered city or district of residence; permit employers to bring in Chinese laborers, skilled or unskilled, under a contract for a short period, from three to five years; compel these employers to give bonds for the proper care of the Chinese laborers,

for their employment at the work specified in the contract, and for the return of each imported laborer to China at the expiration of the period of the contract, unless, in the meantime, special permission of the Government is secured to renew the contract; appoint immigration officers to see that the law is rigidly enforced, both as regards the proper care and treatment of the Chinese coolie and the protection of the Filipinos against evasion of the contract by the coolie, who, in many instances, would be glad to run away and go elsewhere in the islands to become a regular inhabitant. In order to prevent the Philippines from becoming a mere half-way station, care should be taken to prevent the Chinese from coming to the United States from the Philippines." Congress will, unquestionably, recognize the necessity of adopting at least part of the recommendations made by Prof. Jenks. They appear, to some students of economics, to be perfectly reasonable, and calculated to bring some sort of system into our more or less chaotic colonial experiment. But to the other people, the common people, who think men more important than economics, the suggestions of Professor Jenks sound very much like the rules for what the Romans called an *ergastulum*, or we of to-day would call, a slave-pen. Are we to enslave the Chinese in the Philippines, in the name of economics? If they have to be registered, why not fit them out with a ball and chain? If they are to be penalized for leaving certain neighborhoods, why not introduce them to the branding-iron. The MIRROR fears that while Professor Jenks may be all right as to economics, he is a little shy as to his appreciation of the American idea of human liberty. Jenks' scheme won't do. That sort of thing was settled between 1861 and 1865.



#### *The Meaning of a Great Triumph*

The *Korea*, one of the new vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, has made the trip from Yokohama to San Francisco in ten days, or four days less than the best previous record. This must be regarded as a decided triumph for American ship-building and engineering skill. The vessel in question has a displacement of 18,000 tons, and can furnish perfect accommodation for two hundred and fifty passengers. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has the intention of making transportation between the Pacific Coast and the Orient as speedy and as comfortable as it now is on the Atlantic. This company displays the true American spirit of action and enterprise. It is pursuing the right and only successful policy, the policy which will "win out" in competition with foreign companies. There is absolutely nothing that can prevent American industrial and engineering skill from building up a merchant marine that should be the peer, and even superior, of that of any other country. Waiting for legislation providing for the payment of bounties is simply a foolish waste of time. It is not a bounty, but a go-ahead policy that will give us a great fleet of merchantmen. During the last session of Congress, strong efforts were made to pass a subsidy bill through both houses, but without success. There is reason to believe that Hanna, Elkins, Payne *et al.* have not as yet given up the fight, and will press their pet measure again upon the attention of Congress, as soon as the latter reconvenes, in December. It is not likely, however, that they will witness a materialization of their hopes. There is violent opposition to subsidies, even among the staunchest element of the Republican majority in Congress. The spirit of this age in American politics is against paternalism in legislation. It would

be little less than an outrage upon the people of the United States to force them to pay annual tribute to private corporations. American ship-builders and ship-owners need no subsidies. They are, or should be able to get along without them.



#### *Eddyism in Dahomey*

THE New York Board of Health reports the death of a little child from malignant diphtheria and Christian Science prayers. To questions why no physicians had been called, the mother naively replied that "we don't have illness, but have claims and errors, and if we properly pray, and trust in God, we will recover." One of the praying healers hastened to add the statement that Christian Science heals "through the power of God over the body through the mind." A case and vaporings of this kind are enough to stagger the senses of anybody that is not confined within the walls of a "bug-house." Could there be anything more idiotic than Christian Science and its doctrines? And yet, there are many among the educated classes who unhesitatingly assert their utmost faith in the teachings and truth of this preposterous religious idiosyncrasy and fly into veritable fits of rage whenever the insinuation is made that Christian Science is nothing but a monstrous fake. The adherents of this bizarre cult are as fanatical as the mad Mullahs of Somaliland. And rightly so, for there is hardly any difference between their beliefs and those of the Mullahs and negroes of Africa. Du Chaillu, the African explorer, is authority for the statement that "the Camma theory of disease is that Okambo (the devil) has got into the sick man. Now this devil is only to be driven out with noise, and, accordingly, they surround the sick man and beat drums and kettles close to his head; fire off guns close to his ears; sing, shout and dance all they can. This lasts till the poor fellow dies or is better." In Dahomey, we are informed by Joseph Alexander Tillinghast, the priests of the natives cure diseases by driving out the evil spirit. These wild tribes of Darkest Africa believe that all disease is spiritual and should be healed by spiritual means. Christian Scientists believe about the same thing. If you suffer from a well-developed case of the mumps or appendicitis, there is nothing especial the matter with you, except that you are the victim of "error," and all you have to do to rectify the error, is to pray or have somebody else pray for you. There is no disease in the world—what is known as such is "error," or "claim." This Dahomeyan idea is wonderfully simple and primeval. It is as simple and primeval as the intelligence that brought it forth and that believes in it. To identify the teachings of the Saviour with such rot as these un-Christian Scientists are exuding is a stupendous impertinence. There is as much affinity between fundamental Christianity and Eddyism as there is between the writings of Thomas Aquinas and of Voltaire. Eddyism is Dahomeyanism and fit for those only who live in *kraals* and walk around in the altogether.



#### *Russian Mysticism*

RECENT reports indicate that religious sects are multiplying rapidly in Russia. Ascetic reformers, fanatics and "cranks" have a large following among the moujik classes. Creeds of the most bizarre sort are springing up everywhere. The government authorities are under the impression that the religious fanaticism is only part of the revolutionary propaganda. It seems, however, that it is, principally, the result of ignorance, fostered by a despotic form of government,

and that deeply religious sense which has always characterized the Slav race. In his lately-issued work, "All the Russias," Henry Norman, the British publicist, makes the following observations on this subject: "Russia is the home of more religious manias and crazy notions than could be enumerated. Not a month passes without some almost incredible instance of religious fanaticism. The end of the world is a constantly recurring belief. The horrible *skoptsi*, whose practices one cannot more nearly describe than by saying that they carry out literally the exhortation, 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out,' are represented all over Russia, and in spite of the severest measures, the police cannot stop their abominable propaganda. It is natural to the Russian peasant to take the Scripture literally. In May of this year, a man . . . . begged a book to teach him to 'live in truth.' He was given a gospel; read Mark v. 29, and was admitted to the hospital, having chopped his hand off with an axe, after failing to gouge out his eye." Count Tolstoi's teachings have a great influence upon the ignorant *moujik*. He is regarded by many as the personification of everything that is good and holy. The eccentric author and reformer seems to enjoy the notoriety that he has gained, and does nothing towards disabusing the minds of his zealous followers of their grotesque religiomaniac. Tolstoi's mysticism makes a powerful appeal to the impressionable spiritual nature of the Slav. The most numerous Tolstoian sect is that formed by the Doukhoborts. It believes in asceticism, communism, free love and various other things that will never be tolerated in a civilized community. Some time ago, members of this strange sect went to Canada, where they have since repeatedly clashed with the authorities. The free-love and free-divorce notions of the Doukhoborts are not relished by their Canadian neighbors. Yet, according to a report made by Mr. Joseph Elkinton, who, upon the instigation of the Ottawa government, made a visit to the settlement, the moral and physical qualities of these Tolstoian zealots are surprisingly good. The houses are clean and well-built, and the colonists are scrupulous in personal habits, truthful, honest and industrious. The women, we are informed, are unusually intelligent, more so, indeed, than the men. Undoubtedly, in the course of time, the members of this sect will become good citizens and abandon at least part of those practices which are most abhorrent to Canadians.



## Farm Tenantry

STATISTICIANS now inform us that farm tenantry in the United States is on the increase. According to the figures they give, 25.5 per cent of all American farms, in 1880, were worked by tenants. In 1890, the percentage had risen to 28.4, and in 1900, to 35.3 per cent. At the present time, therefore, more than one-third of our farmers are not owning their land, but are mere tenants. This is undoubtedly a surprising, almost startling, revelation. It suggests the question whether we are drifting toward an age of landed feudalism. It would probably be an idle task to conjecture in regard to the causes and consequences of this quaint economic tendency. That it is a distinctly unfavorable and unpromising feature may, however, be asserted without hesitation.



## What Morgan Can Do

THE meat-packing combine has had to show the white feather in its negotiations with J. P. Morgan. It intends to issue \$100,000,000 bonds. When the great

financial leader was asked for terms upon which he would consent to float the issue, he hinted at a commission of 10 per cent, which, in this instance, would amount to \$10,000,000. Now, \$10,000,000 is not much for Morgan, but it was too much, at first, for the porkers. And so the latter balked, and flatly refused to disgorge 10 per cent. Morgan parleyed, cajoled and, finally, threatened. And of what did his threat consist? In a hint that he would ruin the foreign trade of the meat combine if he were not permitted to float the bonds. Being in control of railroads and of the ship combine, it would be an easy thing for him, he said, to raise railroad and steamship rates ten cents a hundred, and thus take away the trust's profit. Verily, a terrible, ghastly threat, the promoters thought; and, presto, they crooked the pregnant hinges of their knees, and begged Morgan to be kind enough to accept the \$10,000,000, with their abject apologies and profuse thanks. Morgan, of course, smiled and accepted, and is now making preparations for financing his latest "deal." He has again shown his power, and exercised his sovereign authority as king of the country's realm of finance, industry and commerce. There is nothing that can prevent Morgan from going through the pockets of everybody that has a "deal" to float and bonds or stocks to issue. Morgan is the man that can and wants to float upon his own terms. Whoever refuses to pay Morgan's rate of commission, or to lick his boots, is a "goner."



## THE ART OF GIBSON

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN

THE appearance of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's new book of drawings which he has happily labeled "The Social Ladder," the great popularity which he has achieved both in this country and in Europe, and his indisputable eminence in his own province of art, seem to invite at this time a liberal consideration of the man and his work.

In the present writer's view, Mr. Gibson looms larger than even his admiring countrymen realize—disposed as they are from patriotic motives to applaud his success. Generally speaking, they are too busy to apply to his work the reflective analysis which it demands. As to his charming countrywomen, whose beauty he has made known to all the world and whom he has helped to a finer appreciation of themselves, it need only be said that they are mainly preoccupied with looking as much as possible like the ideal he has set for them.

Ah, the Gibson Girl!—that is it. Sometimes I think she is in danger of becoming the *bête noire* of her creator, for hitherto she has prevented due notice of his really vital and serious work.

Mr. Thackeray, it will be recalled, did not hesitate to include Hogarth among his English humorists of the Eighteenth century; to rank him as a painter of life and manners with Swift and Addison, with Sterne and Goldsmith. "To the student of history," says Thackeray, "these admirable works of Hogarth must be invaluable, as they give us the most complete and truthful picture of the manners, and even the thoughts, of the past century. We look and see before us the England of a hundred years ago—the peer in his drawing-room, the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers surrounding her, and the chamber filled with gew-gaws, in the mode of that day; the church with its quaint, florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig and the beadle with his cane. We

see how the Lord Mayor dines in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night-cellars, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We may depend upon the perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of the bygone generation."

Will the historian of the next century say as much of Mr. Gibson's work? I believe he will, for the artist is still a young man and has his best work to do. But the great value of Mr. Gibson's performance lies in this fact, which seems most strangely to have escaped the notice of the critics: that as a painter of the present-day manners in this country, he is not merely without a serious rival in his own field of art, but he has no literary rival of anything like equal influence and authority.

In other words, Mr. Gibson's picture of life and manners in America to-day is the best document we have. The literature of the day offers nothing quite comparable to it. No American writer is producing as good a copy of his time as Mr. Gibson's pictorial record. This is saying very much, and there is always the invidious difficulty of appraising the work of a living man. But let us consider the point a little.

Tolstoi has formulated a theory of art which contradicts all the pseudo-science of the schools. In the simplest terms, his theory is that all great and genuine art is proved by its universal acceptance among the people. He takes art from the critics and *connoisseurs* and has it judged by the plain people. Such is the art, humanly speaking, of the Bible and the Gospels; of Michael Angelo and Raphael; of Molire and Shakespeare; of Hugo and Dickens. The same in kind, if less in degree, is the art of Hogarth and Bunyan.

Mr. Gibson's art, it may well be contended, squares with this theory so eminently sane and satisfying. It has certainly gained a wide acceptance. As already pointed out, it is the best and most generally accredited document of contemporary life in America. We have some very agreeable and talented novelists who have given us charming delineations of the social life of the day; but surely it will not be maintained that the most successful of them deserves to rank with Mr. Gibson as a popularly accepted "painter of the manners." Mr. Howells is the most eminent and the most admirable of them all, and no intelligent critic will deny the value of his careful and tempered transcript of contemporary social life in this country. But Mr. Howells, perhaps from the very delicacy of his interpretation, has failed of a wide acceptance, and his work is, therefore, not to be classed with that of Mr. Gibson.

Hence, it appears to the present writer, that (as Thackeray said of Hogarth) the works of Gibson will be invaluable to the future student of history. And we need not doubt that he will be able to depend upon the "perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of a bygone generation."

One would have to go to Thackeray's printed page for as rich a feast of satirical enjoyment as is provided in Mr. Gibson's latest book of drawings, just published in highly attractive form by R. H. Russell, of New York City. The growing seriousness of the artist is manifested in a series of striking cartoons which derive their chief point and motive from the bizarre comedy of social ambition in America. Half-comic and half-tragic is this comedy of the *nouveaux riches*, as depicted with unerring sureness of touch and the keenest satiric suggestion in the present volume of Mr. Gibson's drawings. So eloquent are these pictures, so

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charged with meaning and purpose, that one almost resents any printed word of comment or explanation as a thankless service to the mind sufficiently informed by the picture itself. Happily, Mr. Gibson has been sparing of such labels, and the greater is the enjoyment of those who truly love his work. Indeed, the artist is averse to the practice of commentating his pictures and would prefer to let them speak for themselves, but that a concession of this sort is usually required of him on behalf of the public. I fancy that the public which likes Gibson's pictures so heartily, understands their meaning quite as well as the *connoisseurs*. Unlike the late George Du Maurier, who was half a literary man and half an artist, Mr. Gibson puts all that he has to say into his picture: Du Maurier's practice, as we know, was to tell half the story in his picture and half in his literary comment—a process which does not afford the fullest satisfaction to the admirers of either art.

Such a picture, for example, as "Mrs. Steele Poole's Housewarming," one of the most remarkable of the present collection, stands in no need of explanation or commentary. Here the artist has thoroughly done his work. No detail of this masterly cartoon is merely *ébauché*: all is finished with a firm yet delicate hand and the purpose of it all, the thought behind the splendid artistic performance, leaps out from the picture. I forbear to describe this fine drawing for those who have not seen it, as I should myself resent a commentary, *à la* Du Maurier, foisted upon its rich suggestiveness.

Not less charged with satiric truth, yet pathetic even in its irony, is the print entitled "The Next Morning;" and here I will admit that the two lines of comment underneath the picture help us to a fuller enjoyment of the artist's humor. But oh! ye ladies of *la haute société*,—you who are still young and lovely and admired, as well as you who are in the sad twilight of age—will you not mark, ere it be too late, the stern moral enforced by the charming "Mrs. Innitor Dedd?" Not even *Edith Dombey*'s mamma, prattling of "Grangeby," does it with a more grisly effectiveness—you remember the look that caused the apprehensive *Major Bagstock* to button up to the chin!

Surely the artist has come a long way to these pictures, strong and true as Hogarth's, from the pretty posing of the Gibson Girl.

And, mentioning Hogarth, here is a picture that is worthy of the master hand which limned the terrible scenes of "The Rake's Progress." Where has Hogarth more vividly depicted the fate that sometimes overtakes the social sinner (it was only *sometimes* even in honest Hogarth's day) where has he touched it to more telling purpose than Gibson has done in his "Crooked Tale?" Look at this abject man in his prison stripes, this woman sodden and degraded, both conscious of their hopeless fall, and then tell me that we have not a great and serious artist among us!

Turn back now with this sense of the artist's seriousness upon you and study the wonderful cartoon entitled "The Social Ladder" which opens the present exhibit. What immense satirical suggestion is here, mingled with genuine pathos! Gibson's breadth as an artist is shown by the completeness of human interest with which he charges every picture. All the elements of the tragic-comedy of social strife and aspiration are seen or suggested in this composition. The irony and absurdity of it are personified in the fat, bedizened old woman toiling up the steep ascent which leads to the first rung of the "social ladder," and dragging her reluctant husband behind her by a cord attached to a ring

in his nose. The grim humor of these two figures is indeed extraordinary, but it is not allowed to overwhelm the tragic interest which has its due share in the picture. Before these two, with their eyes despairingly fixed upon the social ladder, whose upper half is lost in the clouds, are the skulls and other ghastly reminders of the many who have preceded them and perished in the hazardous attempt. Hovering in mid-air or circling about the ladder are flocks of carrion birds—fit image of the unclean parasites that prey upon the dupes of their own extravagant ambition.

The satirical motive is equally pregnant and powerful in the picture labeled "The Troubles of the Rich," a drawing that would have delighted Mr. Thackeray. Of this mordant composition, as of a dozen others in the present gallery, it has to be said again that mere verbal description is totally inadequate to give an idea of its poignancy and power. The picture tells the story better than the words could tell it, yet one cannot help going lamely behind the artist in an effort to suggest what he has done so thoroughly and well. The grand dining-room, with all its appurtenances of luxury, the flunkies, imposing and splendid, the master of the house decrepit and huddled pitifully in his chair, the sumptuous table laden with costly service of gold and silver, the dreary magnificence of the banquet, with the guests so few and widely separated, "several having sent their regrets at the last moment," all make up a picture eloquent in its every detail, searing in its satiric truth, terrible in its voiceless condemnation. And yet the element of pathos is not lacking; it speaks in the broken figure of the senile master of the house, with his poor, old nodding head and half-shut eyes; it is powerfully suggested by every detail of that funereal feast, and it is even legible on the pride-worn face of the most conspicuous woman in the scene.

*Vanitas vanitatum!* The great English master of satire, already cited in this article, was fond of calling himself a lay preacher; and well did he deserve the title. Is not our American artist a moralist, a satirist of like quality? Is he not, too, a lay preacher, exposing more effectively than a thousand pulpits the causes of social misery and decay? What writer of truth in guise of fiction, what minister or priest burning with righteous anger, speaks to so large an audience in our country to-day?

I repeat, a great and serious artist.

One would think the pictures already noted exhaust the possibilities of satirical treatment, but there are others of almost equal power and merit in the present exhibit which I may not attempt to describe, for lack of space, before turning to Mr. Gibson's lighter themes. Among such deeply satirical compositions I beg to invite the reader's attention to "Another Moth," "Parasites," "The Merry-go-Round," "The Ambitious Mother and The Obliging Clergyman," and "The Half-Orphan."

While thus confirming his title as an artist of power and range and versatility, Mr. Gibson has not neglected those graceful themes which made for his earlier popularity. The charming type universally identified as the Gibson Girl is not absent from these pages, but time has wrought some changes in her. I suspect that her artistic creator has grown a little tired of having the Gibson Girl quoted as his most remarkable achievement—a very imperfect estimate, indeed, and one that has never obtained among those truly qualified to appreciate his work. Whether or not the artist has chafed under this illiberal criticism—and it is a question which I shall not attempt to settle—he has victoriously replied to it in the present volume. The Gibson Girl is here, lovelier,

more *chic* than of yore—it would not be fair to number her seasons—as alluring and haughty as ever. She is, in short, the same, with a difference, and the change is due only to the mature and finished art of her creator. Having paid this compliment to the bewitching type which helped to make his first success, the artist proves his versatility by giving us a score of others equally beautiful and yet as varied as the handiwork of nature itself.

So, please to remember, it is no longer the Gibson Girl, but the Gibson Girls. And the triumph of our artist lies in the fact that he alone has been able to create rivals to his own fascinating and long unchallenged ideal of American beauty.

However, it is only fair to the Gibson Girl to admit that she is the theme of some of the most delightful drawings of the "Social Ladder." For example, the audaciously brilliant young woman on the cover; the unlabeled third picture of the series which might be entitled "Beauty and the Beast;" the delicious picture bearing for legend "The Story of His Life," than which the art of Gibson has given us nothing more ideally exquisite, the whispering Cupid baffling the mind for a simile to denote its ineffably appealing grace; the demure figure of fashionable piety on the opposite page, expressing the acme of refined worldliness; the piquant beauty in the naive composition, "Of Course There Are Mermaids;" and some of the loveliest studies of "heads" with which the left-hand pages of the volume are embellished.

Never before, save, perhaps, in the Pipp series, have we enjoyed Gibson, the humorist, with such complete satisfaction as in the present volume. Many of the pictures which he has labeled "Studies in Expression," are to be ranked with the funniest cartoons he has ever done. The contrast which they present to the strictly satirical compositions heretofore considered, is, indeed, extraordinary. An artist who can so differentiate the purely ludicrous subject from the true aim and mark of satire—what is to be said of him but that he has mastered the complete circle of his art.

Mr. Gibson's cartoons fairly crackle with spontaneous mirth. The comic situation is there exactly as nature prepared it, not as laboriously contrived by the conscious artist. It never occurs to you that Gibson invented the joke; only that he saw and recorded it. Take, for example, the sketch which shows "Mr. Grubbs" appearing for the first and only time at an entertainment in his own house. The contorted grin on the face of the young man who had half risen from his chair in a perfect agony of mirth at the grotesque apparition of "Mr. Grubbs;" the comic bewilderment of that gentleman and his unconventional attire, together with the shocked expression of his pretty daughters, unite to produce a humorous effect which is not surpassed by any other picture in this collection. "Mr. Grubbs" is indeed pure fun, the satirical motive being so light as not to enter into consideration.

Not less amusing are the pictures devoted to "Mr. Meeker," who is a true brother to "Mr. Grubbs," and the quality of whose heroism is indicated by a portrait of Napoleon hanging over his bed, while the family guests use his chamber as a cloak room, depositing their hats and overcoats upon his recumbent form.

Comedy below stairs is acutely shown in the spirited cartoon, "An Imitation of the Lady of the House," which does full justice to one phase of the domestic problem that convulses our formative society. This picture, and indeed all of those which he has called "Studies in Expression," exhibit Mr. Gibson's extraordinary skill in depicting varied types of char-

acter. The maid mimicking the airs of her mistress, in the cartoon just named, might be cited as a good example of the artist's power in this respect. What a saucy minx she is, with her insolent half-shut eyes, and how accurately drawn from life with counterfeit disdain expressed in her very finger tips! And the fat policeman who is taking in the joke and refreshment at the same time, with a group of admiring servant lassies! Never has the mistress of the house (poor, weary woman!) scored such a "social triumph" as the maid enjoys at the hands of this humble, but discriminating, audience.

A reigning fad among the social elect is cleverly satirized in the cartoon representing a famous plug-ugly at the table of a fashionable hostess. More subtle and not less successful in its humorous intent is the print of the Spanish-American hero, robust and athletic, describing the "horrors of war" to a crippled Union veteran.

Many persons will believe that the artist has saved his best and most striking picture for the last leaf in his book. Certainly there is a beauty of conception, a sense of imaginative power, in the composition entitled, "When a Man's in Love," which place it with the very rarest performance of Mr. Gibson. Never has the quest of the "eternal feminine" been more subtly yet powerfully indicated by pencil or brush. And how grandly simple it is—as true art ever is! The lover exiled to the desert sees the face of his Beloved in the rushing clouds and on the sculptured rocks. It is, indeed, the universal theme touched with the revealing light of genius.

I have characterized Mr. Gibson as a great and serious artist, though, to a majority of his countrymen, he seems, perhaps, no more than an exceedingly clever cartoonist, a graceful draughtsman. But such work as Mr. Gibson has given us in "The Social Ladder" cannot fail of its due recognition. The artist is still a young man, and, viewing the sum of his performance to date, knowing also the resources of his unsatisfied ambition, his vigorous personality—one may well indulge the highest hopes of his future. The "noble discontent" that makes for art has never yet in him been lulled to sleep by self-complacency. He is as eager now as he was when fame first came to him. He has worked hard for the successes already won—he will work harder yet. And, perhaps, if this big, silent young man would give utterance to his deepest self, the cry of his soul would be, "Time and I against any other two!"



### JOHN POWERS—ALDERMAN

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY

AM prompted to write about John Powers, of the Nineteenth Ward of Chicago, because he is a type of that political power in every great city against which the reformers are forever railing and never succeeding. All questions of party politics and ideal civic government aside, "Jawn" Powers, and hundreds of city legislators like him in various parts of this country, remain proofs positive of the goodness of so-called bad men; indisputable evidences of the fatuous stupidity of political vituperation in campaigns, and enduring examples of the value of the purely personal equation in the final question of "bossing" a ward.

"Jawn" Powers' name figures in every local campaign as "a gray wolf;" the Municipal Voters' League, the independent, as well as the Republican, newspapers, the pulpit, the prohibitionists, the sociologists, the philanthropists, the reform influences of every class,

get into full hue and cry after "Jawn" every time there is a city election. They call him boodler, pot-house politician, shark, corruptionist, panderer, grafter, bum, and pretty near every other abusive epithet that can be worked into the vituperative vocabulary of righteous indignation. He lives in a tough ward—one of the toughest in Chicago—from the reformers' point of view. He keeps a saloon, and it is said that he takes fees from rich constituents who need potential lobbying around the City Hall. It has been hinted that he has "made money" in his seat in the Council, but nobody has yet summoned courage to make the accusation openly. Hints, slurs, sneers, personal criticism and anonymous arraignments have been showered upon, and fired at, him from every point of the virtuous compass.

Much money has been expended to organize the opposition. Canvasses of the Nineteenth Ward have shown that it is about equally divided between Republican independent voters and Democrats. "Jawn" is a Democrat. The reformers have selected irreproachable men to pit against this old, gray wolf. They have hired orators, brass bands, challengers, newspapers and even *quasi* public institutions to wage relentless war upon the object of their unanimous condemnation. He never becomes either excited or enraged at this hostility. His campaigns are always conducted in a mild, orderly and considerate way. He never abuses his opponents, nor takes the least perceptible notice of their invectives. He spends very little money as compared with what his enemies use against him; he begs no votes; he makes no promises; he debauches not the humblest suffrage of his ward.

He is always elected by an overwhelming majority. His selection at each recurring election might as well be unanimous. The tallies in his favor are out of all proportion to the numerical strength of his party in the ward. The more money spent to beat him, the greater the volume of scurrility heaped upon him, the more determined the reformers become in their efforts to down him—the greater "Jawn" Powers' plurality every time.

Of course, the abuse helps him. Everybody, but purblind bigots and political amateurs, recognizes the fact that personal vilification becomes a boomerang in the hands of the crusader. Nobody has ever been able to trace a mean, cowardly, or dishonest action to "Jawn" Powers' door. He keeps a saloon and most of the people in his ward transact business with saloons. "Jawn's" saloon is not in the Nineteenth, and so averse is he to trench upon the advantages of others that he steadily refuses to open up a ward headquarters. At one time, Jane Addams, of Hull House, encouraged the bright idea that the way to defeat "Jawn" was to oppose him with another saloon-keeper. There is no better woman, no more unselfish friend of the poor in Chicago, or in the world, than Jane Addams, but the blunders of her fights against Powers have become part of the political joke-book of that city. The decent, Republican saloon-keeper who was chosen to whip "Jawn" was beaten, of course, but the joke came out when he called around next day and congratulated the victor.

"'Twould have rooned me," he said to a reporter, "'twould have rooned anny saloon-keeper in th'ward t'bate Jawny Powers. Since th' campaign commenced, I haven't done a day's good. The on'y night whin things lukked up was whin Jawny himself brought th'byes over t'blow 'em off a few rounds."

How does he do it? Why does he always win?

Because he is one of the people amongst whom he lives. Because he knows their weaknesses and their

woes; because he will do more for a poor man than for a rich man; because he prefers to get a job for the drunken father of a helpless family, rather than to send him to the Bridewell; because he will take the hand of an ex-convict and set the despised one "on his feet," instead of setting the police after him; because he will pay the fines of reckless young ruffians rather than see their honest parents shamed out of the neighborhood; because, in his lavish and unsystematic charity to the poverty-stricken people about him, he knows neither race, creed, caste, political party nor personal discrimination. When the poor are without coal, he sends a load and asks no questions and no pay. When friendless women—and they may be bad women, at that—when widows or deserted wives fall sick in their squalid warrens, he sends his own doctor to tend them, and "there is no bill." He gets licenses for hundreds of Greek and Italian fruit peddlers who hive in his ward; he goes bail for the old-clothes Jew and the Servian peddler who run afoul of the law before they understand it. When the lawless young men of his ward get too gay, he calls them up and delivers an ultimatum. He will stand for so much—no more—in the Nineteenth. If they prove incorrigible, if they continue to torment the police and prove their ingratitude by habitual law-breaking, "Jawn" will rid the ward and the city of them more effectively and more promptly than a judicial "hours to leave town."

No great crime is committed in his neighborhood without his quick and potential co-operation with the law. There are some things, of course, that "Jawn" does not regard as "crime," in spite of the expert definitions of the ultra-conservative reform element. If a poor woman comes to him and asks that her boy be gotten out of jail, Powers will not say, "I'll see about it," or "call the day after to-morrow;" he will put on his coat and have the boy released at once.

He has paid the funeral expenses of dead prostitutes whom he never saw—a species of benefaction, by the way, in which he has no competition among either reformers, church folks or civic purists. The people who fight him during his campaigns, come to him on the day after his election and solicit him for aid, in influence or money, for this or that philanthropic work, for this or that church, sometimes for the very organizations which waged the battle against him. And he gives freely without asking questions, without recriminations, without a grudge spoken or nursed in silent rancor. At Christmas time, every family in the ward—Turk, Jew and Atheist—gets a fat turkey with "Jawn" Powers' compliments. He asks no man what party he belongs to, how he votes, or what he thinks. He doesn't care. Go into his ward and ask any Italian laborer "just over" whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, and the man cannot answer. But ask him what he thinks of "Jawn" Powers and he will say:

"Oh, Jonna Power', he all right!"

John Powers, in person, seems to give the lie to the worst that can be said of him. He is a quiet, well-groomed, dark-eyed, slender man of fifty. His family is the one topic upon which he will not permit a single spatter of political or public mud to fall. His family is the sum and crown of his fidelity, his affection, his prudence, his ambition and his generosity. He keeps it as the apple of his eye, and lavishes upon its members the best that is in him, the best that is in any man. During one of the campaigns waged most cruelly and vainly against him, the reporter assigned by one of the Chicago papers to make it hot for "Jawn," happened to be a personal friend of the gentle alderman.

"I'll have to roast the life out of you, Jawn," said

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the reporter, "and I just want you to remember that it's the paper and not me that's crucifying you."

"All right, my boy!" laughed Powers, "sail in! Give me unshirted hell, but—be careful not to drag my family or any one of its members in. That's what I won't stand! Not from any man or men on God's earth."

If there are any men like "Jawn" Powers in St. Louis politics, perhaps this study of an humble, but undefeated, Chicago Alderman, may help the wise and good to understand "how not to beat them."



### MISSOURIAN IN WASHINGTON

BY RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS

WHEN President Roosevelt returned to this city from Oyster Bay, where he had loyally cast a vote indorsing the Roosevelt administration, he wore an enlarged edition of the famous Roosevelt smile and immediately moved his family and belongings back into the renovated White House.

It is felt in Washington, that the President was justified in both these performances, for a man may well smile who has just accomplished the feat, as President, of carrying an election in an off-year when most of his predecessors have failed in this achievement, and he can well afford to hasten back into quarters which, as such a victory indicates, are to be his for some six years more to come. The President's young sons were wild with joy at getting back into the White House. Lord bless you, I'll wager they weren't half so elated as their father!

Some weeks ago, I ventured the modest opinion that Mr. Roosevelt was playing mighty shrewd politics in taking a stand against the trusts, even though this did bring down upon his head the wrath of the mighty in Trustdom and threaten for a time to keep his party in his own State of New York from endorsing his administration and supporting his candidacy for the nomination in 1904. Then, if you remember, came his insistence upon the settlement of the coal strike, a course which caused him to be treated by the multi-millionaire coal operators with an insolent disdain almost passing belief. Well, Republican victory in the Congressional campaign of 1902 was due to these two moves of the President, much as they were condemned by J. Pierpont Morgan and others of that ilk. To my thinking, the campaign managers of the Republican party should assemble in special session and return a vote of thanks to Mr. Roosevelt. He saved 'em in spite of themselves.

Strangely enough, too, it is from the Old World we hear the first acknowledgments of a perception of these truths. The European press is virtually unanimous in giving to the President the credit for the fact that the lower House of Congress is still Republican and that the Repnblican party is vastly strengthened for the Presidential conflict two years from now. Don't be alarmed, however—I'm not going to spring "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country" on you. This cannot be the case where a President so openly saves his party as did Mr. Roosevelt on election day. His enemies inside the organization can't fail to pay him his just dues. They don't dare to, you know. He has them on the hip, and he's shrewd enough to know it and nervy enough to make it count for all it's worth.

Have you ever chanced to be in Washington on election day? Well, it strikes me as being a very pathetic city at such a time. Last Tuesday morning, a

bright, crisp, invigorating morning, too, I started down to my day's work on the *Washington Times*, all the fine excitement of an American election day glowing in my veins. Suddenly it struck me that there was something wrong with the town. Not one polling place did I see. Not once did I come upon that elsewhere so familiar sight, the crowd of men gathered around a precinct voting place, the attendant policemen, the party workers, the carriages whirling from poll to poll, bedecked with streamers bearing the names of candidates. It impressed me with a poignant sense of the impotency of Washington—a city where not a soul may cast a vote, the proudest privilege of an American citizen! Just at my right, as I turned from 14th street into Pennsylvania avenue, the stately shaft of the Washington Monument sent its needle piercing the blue sky and far ahead of me rose the majestic dome of the Capitol building—and the people in the city where these things are can't vote! You know it all your life, of course, but it comes on you with a good deal of a shock in Washington when all the rest of the country is voting.

But don't for a moment make the mistake of concluding from this that the average Washingtonian is not interested in politics. He is more of a politician to the square inch than any other American. There's a peculiar difference, however. The Washington man is as deeply concerned in the politics of one State as of another. He has no State of his own. He is governed in his municipality by the Representatives of all the States. As a consequence, he is concerned in conditions affecting election results in every State of the Union. He has a grasp on the National situation which is both touching and amazing when one realizes how little he has to do with affecting this situation. And, on election nights, I venture to say that there is not elsewhere in all the Union a crowd of bulletin readers which can so swiftly and accurately analyze the significance of election returns. And such crowds! On this last election night, looking out from the windows of the *Washington Times* building, the people swarmed from Tenth and D streets far out into and across beautiful Pennsylvania avenue. It didn't need the *Times*' newsboys' band to keep them interested either; although those strenuous young fellows, in their handsome uniforms, blew the trailing garments of the night hither and yon in their youthful fervor. The vast throng was loaded to the guards with political curiosity—they were wildly eager to know how the country was going. And they stayed right on the spot until they found out. At Twelfth street and Pennsylvania avenue, a newspaper photographer's flashlight outfit exploded with a mighty noise, but it didn't move these crowds a little bit. They were listening for the voice of the people—and calcium powder, or whatever you call it, might go hang!

Considering these things, therefore, I was not surprised the next morning when my negro barber introduced the topic of politics in his inevitable conversation across the lather, and drifted lightly from State to State, as he generously gave me his views on the elections. It was of a piece with other enlightening experiences which go to make one realize that a political capital is, in the very nature of things, the hub of a country, from which its inhabitants look, first along one spoke of the wheel and then another, until they grasp the circumference in a complete and consecutive whole. And, speaking of the barber, reminds me that the colored brother—and sister—is very much in evidence in Washington. They comprise about one-third of the population, I believe, and have a happy and pervasive way of keeping themselves in evidence on the streets until you

feel that they are vastly in the majority. There are many old-fashioned negroes among them, too. The venerable maid who attends to my room at the family hotel where I live, and whose name is Emily, told me, chucklingly, that she "was a Secesh nigger, bohn befo' de wah, an' b'longin' tuh de Harpers, ob Maryland, sah!" and when she espied me going into my dark apartment one twilight, she cried out, "Dat's a blind man's howdy you's a-gittin', it is fo' sho'!" And where you find these old-fashioned negroes, you find mighty good servants—but, alas! they are a disappearing generation! The Washington newsboys are mostly colored—and they are the worst ever! You have to chase 'em to get a paper. It's almost like highway robbery, except that they grin at you until their back teeth show, and then beg you for the odd change in pennies. Genuine metropolitan newsboys would run them out of business in a day, and increase the circulation of Washington newspapers by leaps and bounds while engaged in the pastime.

Washington is a city of picturesque contrasts as well as magnificent distances. The other Sunday, I went to dine with Major J. J. Dickinson, whom all of you remember as a St. Louis newspaper man, and Major in the Sixth Missouri Infantry during the war with Spain. Well, the route took me past the German Embassy and that of France, with the little black sign—"Chancellerie de l'Embassade de France"—above a modest side door, and the house where Owen Meredith wrote "Lucille," when he was the British Secretary of Legation in Washington, and countless residences of Senators and Cabinet members, millionaires—and then I found myself in Georgetown, that delightful and stubbornly exclusive old quarter which still refuses to consider itself part of Washington, and Mrs. Dickinson was talking about St. Louis with a little break of homesickness in her voice. I marveled that F. Hopkinson Smith has not written a novel about Georgetown, with its old colonial family seats and its whitehaired, old ladies of the pure, Southern, aristocratic type and its courtly, old gentlemen with black stocks—just the people of whom he so loves to write! Somehow, it seems to me, you can smell lavender in the tree-arched streets of Georgetown, and the romance of gentle age and good breeding is in its very atmosphere. On another Sunday, I dined with George Horton, whose novel, "The Long, Straight Road," is now rivaling the hit made by his "Like Another Helen." We took a walk out across the fields from his home, on Whitney avenue, off the Brightwood road. At least, I thought we were in the fields until I heard a warning cry of "Fore!" and realized that we were on some golf club's links and in the direct line of the players' fire. But it didn't matter; we shied off to one side across a bridge and then obtained a view of a point reached by the Confederate forces when they were round about Washington. It seemed perilously close, but, of course, the city has grown since the fierce days of the '60's. And, by the way, you can't forget "The War" here in Washington. The city is one great storehouse of memorials of that conflict—but that's another story, and, perhaps, best told in a guide book.

Which, incidentally, reminds me that Washington is still the Mecca to which newly-married couples turn devotedly on their bridal tours. They come in on every train and you can't lose 'em. The first week or so of my stay at The Fredonia, the hotel of which I have already spoken, there was a fresh pair almost every morning at my table. I began to feel like a "Shatchen"—isn't that what the Jewish people call their professional arrangers of marriages? It was with

difficulty that I could refrain from saying, "Bless you, my children," before opening my morning paper. But they're all right, of course, these blissful honeymoon trippers so plentiful in Washington. The world couldn't get along without 'em.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10th.



## ROCKS AHEAD

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON

EUROPEAN financiers and manufacturers are no longer afraid of us. They have ceased talking of American invasion, competition, and things of that kind, and appear to have regained their former composure of mind and confidence in the future. This is what Mr. Vanderlip, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York, has been telling Easterners in the last few days. This distinguished gentleman and experienced financier, who was formerly connected with the United States Treasury, was traveling in Europe, last summer, and made careful observation of the trend of things and the state of feeling in the centers of commerce and industry, in Great Britain as well as in France and Germany. He has come back with changed views, and strongly inclined to warn Wall street against approaching dangers.

Mr. Vanderlip is no calamity-howler. He is clear-headed and a keen, impartial critic. And as he is connected with the leading Rockefeller bank in New York, his remarks are entitled to more than ordinary attention. It would be absurd to accuse him of selfish motives, or of loose, idle talk in reference to a matter which vitally affects the economic interests of the country. When he, therefore, in the course of a speech, delivered at Wilmington, Del., laid stress upon Wall street's inflated speculative position, and made the remark that "if we are honest with ourselves, we must admit the edge is off our invasion of foreign markets," everybody present pricked up his ears, and wondered what the speaker really had in mind.

Mr. Vanderlip believes that the boom in stocks is a thing of the past, and that our industrial and international trade position has been weakened by absurdly high prices of securities and commodities. He thinks that the time has come when it behooves us to live within our means and to husband our resources, if we wish to escape the consequences of a great crash and forced liquidation. We can no longer shut our eyes to existing dangers.

"It must be with the keenest regret," he says, "that we recognize unfavorable conditions that threaten a break in the unparalleled magnificence of this story of industrial wealth."

Incidentally, Mr. Vanderlip made some significant and timely allusions to the fact that, since the beginning of 1899, the total National bank deposits have increased from \$3,226,000,000 to \$4,527,000,000, while the cash resources, at the present time, are only \$508,000,000, against \$509,000,000 in the early part of 1899. That the financial situation is unduly strained can no longer be doubted. It must be patent to every competent observer. The prevailing monetary troubles are a direct outgrowth of it. The country's financial institutions have been too liberal in extending accommodation to borrowers. In the East, as well as in the West, bank reserves are entirely too low. The New York trust companies have been the principal offenders in the matter of loan expansion, and it is likely that the New York legislature will soon go to work and pass legislation aiming at a safeguarding of the interests of depositors.

The recent cutting of prices of tin-plate and tubes has also evoked considerable comment. It is taken to indicate that the industrial position is weakening; that the prevailing high range of prices is beginning to curtail consumption, while it is, at the same time, enlarging production.

Prices have been boosted to such an extent that Europeans find it profitable to undersell American producers in their own home market. This is not, *per se*, such a bad thing. It is simply an outgrowth of paradoxical conditions. It is an indication that our tariff-protected monopolies have been overdoing the thing, have been trying to squeeze domestic consumers, while selling at low prices abroad. They have courted and provoked competition. It is no longer permissible to talk of Americans invading European markets. There has been a reversal of things. Europeans are now invading the American market, and this they can do, because protection tempted American combines to inflate the prices of their manufactured products.

Wall street knows perfectly well what all this means, and what is coming. It realizes that a sharp cut in the prices of steel products will play havoc with the earnings of the United States Steel Corporation, and render dividend payments on, at least, the common stock absolutely impossible.

Protection, it would seem, is working toward its own undoing. It brought about inflation and will, after awhile, bring about depression.



## SKULL-DIGGING

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE

THE scientist is a most interesting specimen of the human animal. He is generally be-goggled, bald-headed, adipose, stubborn, perverse, conceited and cock-sure of his position. There are various families of this queer specimen. One of the most numerous and aggressive of the present day is that which makes a business of burrowing in the earth and discovering skeletons of every size and condition. This fascinating sport is commonly referred to as paleontology. There are probably very few of us who have an adequate conception of the genealogy of this fine, sonorous word, but, some years ago, somebody gave the "tip" that it was picked up somewhere in old Greece, where they used to make a specialty, two thousand years ago, of manufacturing words to be put in cold storage for use in the twentieth century. Whenever anybody, with scientific wheels in his head, has become possessed of the notion that he is about to discover something, no matter what it is, he rushes into the Greek cold-storage room for the purpose of appropriating another polysyllabled word of imposing sound and architecture, and forthwith announces to an admiring world that a new "ology" has made its appearance and is going to do wonders in the search for the unknown and the unknowable.

As above stated, the paleontologist "cuts the most ice" at the present time. Whether on account of the infinity of his pretensions or the euphonious charm of his name is hard to tell. He bids fair to become as popular and prominent, after a while, as the ping-ponger or the adventurous aeronaut. The paleontologist can tell us some most beautiful fairy-tales. He has the invaluable gift of inexhaustible imagination. After finding a rotting little piece of bone, he will sit down and, for our benefit and instruction, waste gallons of ink writing a ten-volume treatise upon the latest epoch-making discovery, which is magnified into the most astounding proportions, until there looms up before our retrospective

mind a vanished specimen of the human race, of gigantic proportions, with gigantic jaws of the typically strenuous type, with a set of teeth that is beyond the manufacturing skill of the modern teeth-maker, and with a be-bumped head of extraordinary size and contour.

Afterwards, college professors, in convention assembled, make a minute inspection of the remarkable little piece of bone, fall to debating and "resolving," proclaim the new find another one of the innumerable "missing links," and then go home and begin writing monographs and treatises of their own. And we poor members of the laity stand by and discuss, in hoarse whisperings, the latest theories of the age of the human race, of the titanic physical proportions of our grand-daddies and grand-mammies, and finally become overwhelmed with a feeling of ineffable physical insignificance and degeneration. And the "wise guys" among us start to belabor our ears with the dogmas of Lombroso and Nordau, and endeavor to convince us that the human race is doomed, that it will ultimately lose the power to propagate itself, that our civilization is a horrible disease, and that we are going the pace that kills.

Verily, these paleontologists are what Grover Cleveland calls an "afflictive visitation." The other day one of them managed to get hold of a "skull," which two silly and unsuspecting Kansas boys stumbled across while digging a cellar and were foolish enough to leave intact, and now every paper and magazine in this wide country is theorizing upon the "Lansing skull," and American and European scientists are discussing the probable importance of the latest find, and spin new yarns about the Neanderthal skull, which, some years ago, attracted the vituperative attention of the late Virchow.

Now, in view of such things, how can a person be expected to enjoy the horse-show, or election returns, or Richard Mansfield's *Brutus*? This paleontological humbug is a downright nuisance and an unqualified bore. What do we care about the darned, stupid fellow who, in ages gone by, used to carry the Lansing skull around on his strenuous shoulders? He was nothing but a brute, anyway, a fellow to whom not a single mother's son of us would care to admit relationship. Besides, who can determine when he lived? He may have lived two hundred or, may be, two thousand years ago. But, no matter when or how he lived, he is of no consequence to us. His smooth, bald skull has absolutely no value to us. It has ceased to think and to talk, and can never enlighten us regarding a vanished race and a vanished life.

And a few centuries hence, there will, undoubtedly, be other paleontologists, rude knaves, who will take "ghoulish glee" in knocking us "about the sconce with a dirty shovel," without running the danger of having an action of battery filed against them, and will talk learnedly about the shape and structure of our cranium and our femur. Gosh, but this is a pleasant perspective! And, perhaps, they will be able to get hold of the skull of one of these dodgasted modern paleontologists and ask the eyeless Sphynx, who used to talk and write so knowingly and so impressively about man and his origin, for an answer which has never been, and never will be given. Alas, poor Yorick! Alas, poor paleontologist! Alas, poor homunculi, with be-goggled eyes and bald heads! What did all your pretended knowledge amount to? You, who used to set scientific congresses agog; you, who argued so profoundly and solemnly about "Ultimate Questions," glacial epochs, "missing links," prehistoric fauna and flora, what have you accomplished, what have you learned? Nothing, absolutely nothing. You

## The Mirror

prattled about the kingdom of science and philosophy which you pretended to rule. And what is your inheritance? "A fine pate, full of fine dirt."

### THE TAVERN

BY WILBUR UNDERWOOD

For *Mablon Ashford*

**W**ITHIN the tavern figures flit,  
The drink goes merrily round  
And hollow gusts of song burst out  
That the echoes faint resound.

At the postern gate there ever swings  
A lanthorn large and bright,  
The burning sun by morn and noon,  
The great white moon by night.

And there a lad can cheer himself  
From the grieving of the rain.  
Always a warm and ruddy light  
Glowes from the window pane.

And there is bread and wine and song,  
A pleasant, goodly store,  
And an old sign, wind-swept and gray,  
Creaking above the door.

The rain beats on it sobbingly,  
The storm grinds it and wears,  
But wise and reticent and sad  
This writing still it bears:

"Before our lamps' thin lights flare out,  
Comrades, drink with merry din;  
Who knows if we shall meet in Heaven?  
If in that Heaven there be an Inn?"

### THE JOURNEY TO DESIRE

BY MRS. W. RUSSELL

**T**HEY were bound for the hill top called Desire—a woman and a man.

They had been told that it was good to be there. They believed that it must be. They believed it because they had seen so many going thither with faces rapture-filled. Down in the Valley where they hailed from, the Valley of Placid Content, they had often gazed up longingly at Desire—but not until now had they dared to see it for themselves—the woman and the man. So it was that the man left his work and the woman hers and set out forthwith together.

"What a steep hill, when one once begins to climb," said the man, who was already regretting his choice, but was afraid to retreat.

"Yes, very steep and rocky, but worth all the trouble when we get there," replied his companion, brightly.

"And you think it must be as pictured," continued the man, contemplatively, as a sudden wave of regret swept over him. "You think it will pay us for all we are leaving?"

"Surely, surely," the woman replied, as she Eve-like nestled closer to him—tempting him on. "I, too, have left much in the Valley of Placid Content. There's home and husband and children—good name. I have given up more than have you, for I can never return to these things—whereas you—"

"True, true," replied the man, softly, "and yet you do not regret."

And so, by degrees, the climb was made and the hill top, Desire, met their view.

Weary, worn with the ascent, which at no time had been smooth, they sank upon the yielding grass, the woman and the man. They gazed, too, down upon the Valley they had left, the Valley of Placid Content, but they could not see it clearly through the mist of Error that everywhere surrounded them.

The woman was the first to speak. She did not speak, however, just at first. She cried softly, sadly—as only a woman can cry.

"I am sorry," she said, "so sorry. Desire is not what I dreamed it was. It is cruel to be so deceived; it is heart rending; it is death!"

But the man did not hear her plaintive moans, for he had left the woman, retraced his steps and was making great headway toward the Valley he had left—the Valley of Placid Content.

### DOGS OF WAR

BY W. O. M'GEEHAN

**W**HAT caused the bitter feeling that existed between the Montana and California regiment is of no consequence. Both organizations were composed of the sort of men accustomed to fight at the drop of the hat for little or no reason. Perhaps this fact alone is sufficient to account for the open feud that kept the provost marshal of Manila in an extremely anxious state of mind during the last few months of '98.

The Montana men had been a trifle worsted in the open conflict which took place at the Austrian café, near the Santa Cruz end of the Suspension Bridge. Consequently they roamed about the city in droves of three and four, looking for Californians.

Jack Radford, of the California regiment, was strolling through the Quiapo district one evening while this trouble was at its height. Three stalwart figures darted from around the corner and blocked his passage.

"What's yer regiment?" growled one of the newcomers.

Radford backed up against the wall. "First California, and be hanged to you," he replied. He downed the first one, but the other two were on him in a flash, hurling him to the ground. His head struck violently against the bottom of the wall, rendering him unconscious.

When Radford came to his senses, he found himself lying on a couch in a richly furnished room, anxiously watched over by an old mestizo woman and a radiantly beautiful mestizo girl. He stared about him in helpless amazement.

"The señor has recovered?" inquired the girl, in Spanish, the most musical of all languages.

Radford replied that he was entirely recovered, and pressed his hand against his head, which was still throbbing violently.

"From my balcony," explained the girl, "I see three men attack you. Cowards!" and the dark eyes flashed. "You fight, but they are too many. When they go away, I send my servants to bring you here."

Radford, still in a half-dazed condition, muttered something about thanks, but she checked him with a gesture of her little hand.

"It is nothing," she said. "The Filipinos and Americans are friends. But I do not understand. How is it that Americans fight Americans? Is it an insurrection?"

Radford felt the large lump on the back of his head

and smiled a wan smile. "It's a joke—an American joke," he explained.

The girl shook her head and seemed decidedly puzzled. That form of jesting was beyond her,

"I must go," said the soldier, regretfully. "It is very late. But—may I come again some time?"

"The Casa Pilar is always at the disposal of our Americano friends," replied the girl, formally, "and we shall be glad to see you again."

The first clause meant nothing in particular, but the second contained the desired permission. Radford departed to his barracks very much elated and blessing the Montana men who had knocked him into such a paradise. He produced a Spanish *libro primero* from his knapsack, and sat down beside his bunk feverishly trying to perfect himself in the language. But when "taps" sounded, he became suddenly conscious that he had been gazing for half an hour at the same page and seen nothing but the face of Dolores del Pilar.

On his second visit to the *casa*, Radford discovered that his Good Samaritan was a decided advocate of Aguinaldo, and all his doctrines. Her father was with the Army of the "República Filipina," also her brother, and her cousin was General Pio del Pilar.

Jack Radford, with most of his brethren, had reached the conclusion that the Filipinos were hunting trouble, emphatically certain that they would find it, and believing, also, that it was highly desirable that they should find it with all possible speed. The volunteers wanted to make a clean and quick job of the Filipino problem, for they were becoming a trifle homesick.

"Is it true that the Americanos will not give the Filipinos their independence?" asked Dolores.

"I do not know," he replied, evasively. "I am only a soldier."

"Our soldiers will not wait much longer!" she said, excitedly. "Already they clamor to be led into the city. What will the Americanos do then? They are few and our soldiers are brave and many. The Americanos will be driven into the sea."

Radford's serene confidence in the Eighth Army Corps struggled to assert itself in a smile of derision, but he repressed it.

"If it comes," continued the girl, "I, too, will fight like the women of Cavite. *Dios!* They were brave, those women."

All desire to smile left Radford as he watched the little patriot. She seemed an incarnation of the spirit of her people, childish, impulsive, frail, *bizarre*, inordinately vain and self-confident. But she was also very beautiful.

"God forbid," said Radford, earnestly. Formerly he had been one of the most eager for the trouble to come to a head.

"If it does come," added the girl, "I will tell my cousin, the general, that Señor Radford has been a guest of the *casa*, and is not to be harmed."

"*Gracias*," said Radford, with a choke in his voice. At that moment he felt that he would rather see the regimental colors go down than have harm in any form come to this little mestizo girl.

In the course of a few weeks, Jack Radford and Dolores del Pilar discovered that they were much more than all the world to each other. Discoveries of this sort are, of course, not uncommon. They agreed that it was highly probable that the Philippine question would be amicably adjusted somehow, and at any rate that it did not matter—much. It was better to talk of other things out on the veranda of the *casa*, under the brilliant stars.

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They were together on the evening of February 4th, '98. A certain volunteer officer, who courted the reputation of a *post-facto* prophet, after the style of Virgil, remarked afterward concerning that evening that he "felt something in the air." Radford was in high spirits, but Dolores was evidently not easy in mind.

Both were silent for some time, listening to the faint rumble of the traffic on the Escolta. The little arm that curled around Radford's neck trembled slightly. A pariah dog somewhere in the neighborhood burst into a long, doleful howl. Another answered, and another. Dolores drew closer to Radford, shuddering.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked.

"Oh, those dogs," she replied. "I am afraid. Twice before they howled like that and there was war. *Dios!* They are not dogs, but devils."

Radford tried to laugh her fears away, but the diabolical noise depressed even him. Every minute more voices were added to the doleful chorus, till it seemed that there were thousands of them.

There was a faint lull in the howling, and a few faint notes of a bugle in the direction of Enuta were heard.

"What does the bugle say, Jack?" inquired Dolores, excitedly.

"Only taps, dear," he replied. "The call of rest and peace."

Suddenly from the Colorado barracks near by a strident bugle blared a call that caused his heart to turn to ice. Any one would have known what it meant.

"The call to arms!" he gasped, jumping to his feet. Dolores clung to him convulsively.

"Good-by, dear, oh, good-by," she said.

The Colorado men were cheering madly, the howling of the dogs swelled in volume, and bugles all over the city took up the wild, hysterical call. A red flare lit up the Southern sky for an instant. It was the rocket that meant "outpost attacked."

A company of volunteers was advancing over a stretch of broken ground beyond Guadalupe. A rapid succession of *zeus* announced suddenly that a sharpshooter was in close vicinity. One of the men dropped with a clean hole through his shoulder and a lieutenant clapped his hands to his head. A Mauser bullet had drilled through his campaign hat, ploughing a furrow along the scalp.

"Lie down, everybody," ordered the captain. The men quickly threw themselves face downward on the ground, while the captain, dropping on one knee, scanned the country ahead narrowly.

"He is in that tamarind," the captain decided, indicating a tree a few hundred yards distant. "Radford, go and get him."

Radford rose and rushed forward. At sound of the first *zeu* he dropped behind a stump and waited until the marksman had exhausted his "clip." He knew that there would then be a few seconds' lull. When the last of the five shots were fired, he again rushed toward the tree. He pursued these tactics until he had reached a tree only a hundred feet from where the sharpshooter was hidden.

Suddenly he caught sight of something in the tree, and, sighting quickly, fired. A form crashed through the branches and fell heavily to the ground.

"All right," called Radford to the company, and the men came up on the double. A few of them went over to examine the Filipino. The body, clad in the blue and white cotton uniform of the insurgent army, lay with the big straw hat hiding the face. One of the men removed the hat.

"Hell!" he cried. "It's a woman."

Radford emitted a cry like that of a stricken beast, and, rushing to the body, called, "Dolores! Dolores!" while the men were dumb with amazement.

"Christ!" gasped the captain, who had just come up. "What's this?"

"You made me do it, damn you!" shrieked Radford, turning on him savagely.

"Steady," cried the captain, sharply. That firm voice restored Radford's senses for the time.

"Oh, captain," he sobbed. "I don't know what I am saying. I don't—God! Look at this."

"Come away," ordered the captain, in his masterful way. "There will be plenty of fighting later on."

That night Radford's squad was detailed as an outpost on one of the bluffs overhanging the Pasig River. Radford was on watch, and the rest of the men were grouped about the corporal discussing the events of the past few days in whispers.

"What's that?" asked one of the men suddenly!

The far-off sound of the howling of a pack of dogs came faintly, but distinctly, from the direction of Guadalupe.

"It's those damn dogs," whispered the corporal, hurriedly. "They are howling around her grave. Talk out loud so that he won't hear it."

But Radford had already heard. With an unearthly yell, he disappeared into the darkness.

"The captain will blame me, sure as fate," said the corporal, in an injured tone.

They found Private Radford, next morning, standing guard over the grave, near Guadalupe. He was closely watched by a pack of snarling pariah dogs. Hideous things they were, lean, diseased, and utterly loathsome.

"Dogs, dogs," shouted Radford. "Stand back! Don't come near them, or they will tear out your hearts and howl in your ears forever." His face was white as chalk and his eyes gleamed like an animal's.

"Steady, Radford," said the captain, sharply. But Radford did not heed. He would never again hear any sound but the howling of the dogs.

"Poor Jack," said the officer, in a very shaky voice. He pulled his hat down over his eyes. "Damn you," he cried to the patient, fearless men in khaki and blue, who were looking helplessly at him, "he was a better man than any of you!"

Over on the north line the siege guns were booming, battering down Malolos, the insurgent capital. The "República Filipina" had ceased to exist, even in name.

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White settlers are pouring into the Territory, unwilling to wait for the formal opening of the farm lands. They are occupying the present town sites, and are urging the platting of more. Banks are being started, new business houses opened, more newspapers established, and every feature of the development of a virgin country is going on. The coal mines are being developed rapidly, and other mineral riches will soon be brought to the surface. The immigration is of the better class—men who have sold out in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin and are seeking for new homes which can be bought cheap and made into rich holdings.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway is the pioneer railway line of the Indian Territory, and along its line is located a majority of the larger towns.

For more detailed information, write James Barker, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, St. Louis, Mo., for a copy of pamphlet, "Indian Territory." Low rate excursions on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

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## The Mirror

### NEW BOOKS

In his latest novel, entitled "Cecilia," F. Marion Crawford has returned to present-day Rome, his *premier amour* in the world of literature. He has once more essayed to depict life among the high aristocratic classes of Italy. *Cecilia*, the heroine of the story, is an exquisitely educated and poignantly sensitive girl, heiress to a large fortune, and versed in all the accomplishments of a modern society woman. She has traveled extensively, visited Paris and other cities of Europe, made the acquaintance of leaders of art, literature, diplomacy and fashion, and developed into a tempting flower of patrician womanhood. *Guido d'Este*, a lineal descendant of the famous historic family of that name, is fortunate enough to obtain *Cecilia's* promise to become his wife. He is without pecuniary means, however, in debt, and made miserable by a perverse-minded aunt, who makes unlawful claims upon his generosity. *Guido* is a rather lovable character. He is a philosophical dreamer of beautiful dreams, and of fine poetic instinct, but, while he has succeeded in captivating the hand, he cannot win the heart of the fair *Cecilia*. The latter bestows her amorous affections upon *Lamberto Lamberti*, a young naval officer, who has succumbed to the physical and intellectual charms of *Cecilia*. The two lovers make a valiant struggle against the growing passion which is invading their young hearts' domain, but, through the instrumentality of dreams and visions, they are finally induced to embrace each other in triumphant love. The theme of the story is not very pretentious, nor very original, but the author, with his customary deftness of touch, fancy and technique, succeeds in manipulating it in an interest-compelling manner. "Cecilia" is a story that may be recommended to fastidious fiction-readers, although one cannot admit that it is, in originality of conception and construction, the equal of the "Saracinesca" series of stories by the same author. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

"In Lowell, at twenty-three, there is nothing pedantic or sophomoric. His first verse may halt, his poetic imagery may be trivial, but his prose is always sure-footed, although his steps be light. He wrote, for the readers of the Boston *Miscellany*, his original impressions of the things he read, saw or imagined, and before reflection or study had a chance to evoke opinions or judgments. He wrote as a tourist might write of the panoramic scenes which meet the eye in a foreign country, before any attempt is made to study the institutions there and the principles governing them. To the end of his days Lowell remained an impressionist; but he was always striving to find logical cause for his impressions, and tireless in his efforts to arrive at judgments. That is why, I think, his first impressions are as interesting as his final judgments are important." These words, taken from Mr. Walter Littlefield's Introduction to "Early Prose Writings of

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James Russell Lowell," lately issued, must be taken as satisfactory excuse for acquainting the literary public with some of the most characteristic effusions of Lowell's early career as a man of letters. The beautiful little volume contains stories, sketches and essays. Among them we note "The First Client," "Married Men," "Disquisition on Foreheads," "Song-Writing," and "Elizabethan Dramatists," omitting Shakespeare. These prose-writings made their original appearance in the Boston *Miscellany* and *Pioneer* and in "Conversations on the Old Poets." While displaying immaturity of style and thought, they afford us a delightful and interesting insight into the gradual moulding and expansion of Lowell's sphere of thought and philosophic perspective of life. As Mr. Littlefield well remarks, "neither the fame of the writer, nor the literature which he loved so well, and was later so richly to endow, will receive a blemish by the reproduction of these early efforts."

Like all young, enthusiastic poets, Lowell had an exaggerated, almost ecstatic view of the importance and influence of verse-writing. There is something charmingly naive and of serene *aplomb* in the following passage, which we select at random from page 103: "Over all life broods poesy, like the calm, blue sky with its motherly rebuking face. She is the true preacher of the world, and, in the time of danger and trouble, when the established shepherds have cast down their crooks and fled, she tenderly cares for the flock. On her calm and fearless heart rests weary freedom, when all the world has driven her from its door with scoffs and mockings." The volume under review has its *raison d'être*. It fills a literary want. The sketchy, biographical notes by Dr. Hale and Mr. Littlefield are written in a sympathetic, nimble fashion. The book contains a portrait of James Russell Lowell, in 1843, and is of noteworthy typography. Published by John Lane, New York.



Several of the best essays and addresses by Henry Cabot Lodge have been published in book form, under the title "A Fighting Brigade." Among them, we note an address on John Marshall, Daniel Webster, his oratory and his influence, an essay on the "Treaty-Making Power of the Senate," and "Some Impressions of Russia." There is also an appendix, containing a letter from Hon. Geo. F. Hoar. The volume bears the imprint of the scholarly mind of Mr. Lodge, and abounds in thoughtful, striking observations on historical events and characters, and incidental penetrating reflections on *belles lettres*, political economy, jurisprudence and statesmanship. As an illustration of the author's style and mould of thought, we cite the following remarks on oratory from his address on Daniel Webster: "The highest oratory, therefore, must combine in exact balance the living force and freshness of the spoken word with the literary qualities which alone insure endurance. The best examples of this perfection are to



"The Last Word," by Alice McGowan, is a decidedly readable story of sweet sentiment, pensive melancholy, clean, lofty thoughts and well-sustained flight of literary fancy. It abounds in really clever observations on modern life

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be found in the world of imagination, in the two speeches of Brutus and Marc Anthony in the play of 'Julius Cæsar.' They are speeches and nothing else—one, cool, stately, reasonable; the other, a passionate, revolutionary appeal, hot from the heart and pouring from the lips with unpremeditated art, and yet they both have the literary quality, absolutely supreme in this instance, because Shakespeare wrote them." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers.



"Constance D'Broile," by F. White Ruger, is a Southern story of love and romance. In spite of a few traces of conventionality, the narrative is of considerable interest, and must be classed among the better sort of fiction. It deserves the attention of discriminative novel readers. The style displays marked literary craftsmanship, but is, occasionally, made to suffer from turgidity and preciosity of expression. Sentimental passages are surcharged with the imaginative exuberance of literary amateurs.

The authoress seems to delight in dallying with glittering words and phrases. On page 356, for instance, *Constance* overwhelms *Philip* in the following rhapsodical words: "If only I might dissolve this body, given as a hostage for my fealty, and confront you as a soul. Then, *Philip*, in that more glorious spiritual atmosphere, to be with you, to be yours—." Now, this is a very poetic, impressive passage, but we do not believe that a young girl, in the throes of passionate love, would express herself in such wise to her lover. However, such occasional flaws will not, or should not, deter lovers of fiction from perusing the 460 odd pages of this novel, which is based and erected on good material and skilfully developed. Published by the Abbey Press, New York.



"The Last Word," by Alice McGowan, is a decidedly readable story of sweet sentiment, pensive melancholy, clean, lofty thoughts and well-sustained flight of literary fancy. It abounds in really clever observations on modern life

and society. On page 27, *Randolph* comments in this manner: "I honestly believe that the average club-man, with all his vulgar selfishness, has purer ideals than most society women, and is not nearly so daring and base in his wickedness as they. The thing which makes a woman worse than a man, when she fails to be better, is that she fights behind a barrier. She will accept no consequences. She would not brave the world for any consideration, but if a thing may be safely done, the smallest temptation answers for her. A woman like that will talk love to you by the yard, while she has no conception of what the word means, and in

her heart considers *Juliet* a fool." The novel is written in a style that is ingeniously fresh, simple and facile. It is published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50 net.

Lothrop & Co., Boston, are the pub-

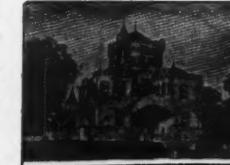
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**KINLOCH, B. 1985**

fishers of "Eagle Blood," by James Creelman, a New York newspaper man and former war correspondent. It is an impossible, bizarre story, with a bewildering array of idiomatic, grotesque incidents. Yet it interests, and will, no doubt, prove fascinating reading to a certain class of novel readers. Creelman has the typical journalese style, and writes with true reportorial *verve* and imagination. One of the best descriptions in this extraordinary novel is that of the spiritual seance, in which the author betrays an intimate knowledge of affairs of that sort. "Eagle Blood" is a hodge-podge of adventure, love, intrigue and heroic achievements. The hero of the story is an English nobleman, *Viscount Delaunay*, who has a most checkered career in the United States and the Philippine Islands and finally winds up with a resolution to become a plain, American citizen.

D. Ella Nirdlinger, a young girl just out of her teens, is the authoress of "Althea, or the Children of Rosemont Plantation," in which she tries to give some of the home experiences and plays of her own happy childhood. As the sub-title suggests, the little volume contains a story for children. The youthful writer proves herself to be possessed of well-developed literary talent. (1904 Publishing Company, St. Louis.)

The initial, or November, number of *The Reader*, a new monthly illustrated magazine of literature, has made its appearance. Its table of contents is well selected and of interest to all literary *gourmets* and connoisseurs. There are twenty-one illustrations and thirty-eight original and decidedly meritorious contributions. Published by The Reader Publishing Co., New York.

The autumn number of the *Book-Lover*, published by the Book-Lover Press, 30-32 East 21st street, New York, is unusually rich in interesting contents. Bibliophiles will find therein many things which will arouse their curiosity. Among the list of articles, are the following: "Bibliomania," by Andrew Lang; "How to Treat the Editor," by Newman Yorke, Ph. D.; "Byron and Shelley," by E. J. Trelawney; "Little-Known Points about Famous Books;" Alexandre, the Great Dumas," and "Anecdotes of Celebrities," by H. Sutherland Edwards. The *Book Lover* receives contributions from many eminent scholars, who collate generally unknown facts and book-lore that is of peculiar interest to bibliophiles. It is a magazine that may be recommended to people of good literary taste and culture.

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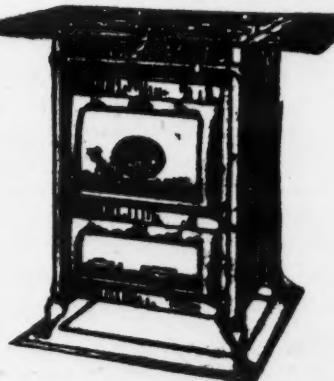
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## The Mirror

13

### SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.  
Mr. and Mrs. James Green are building a home on Lindell boulevard just opposite the park.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward B. Chittenden, of Chicago, spent several days, last week, in St. Louis.

Mrs. Henry Whitmore has returned from Virginia, where she visited Mr. Charles Mulliken at his country place.

Last week, Mrs. Joseph D. Lucas, of Goodwood, entertained the Six-Hand Euchre Club, of which she is a member.

Mrs. George W. Niedringhaus gave a reception, last week, when she introduced into society Miss Lucile Niedringhaus.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Church are building a residence on Lindell boulevard, opposite the park, which is nearing completion.

Mrs. J. M. Wood gave a pretty luncheon, last Saturday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Gov. Dockery, who is visiting the city.

Mrs. Robert Allen and her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Vassine, will leave in February, for Europe, and will take the Mediterranean trip.

Mrs. F. D. Hirschberger entertained with a reception, last week, in honor of Mrs. Reginald Frost, who was Miss Ruth Sterling.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dimmock have returned from a trip to Notre Dame, Ind., where they went to visit Master Carol Knapp.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Niedringhaus will give a ball, in the near future, in honor of Miss Lucile Niedringhaus, one of the debutantes of the winter.

Mrs. Ortho F. Ball, of Newstead avenue, has returned from a visit to her father, Col. Clague, of the United States Army, who is stationed at Minneapolis.

Mrs. J. A. Holmes gave a reception, last Friday afternoon, when she was assisted in entertaining by her two daughters, Miss Holmes and Mrs. Isabelle Holmes Thompson.

Mrs. James L. Blair gave a musicale on Wednesday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Lillian Apel Emery, at the Odeon. The programme was well chosen and greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. Joseph L. Chambers will give a reception, on Tuesday, November 18th, in honor of her daughter, Miss Alecia Chambers, who will be formally presented to society on the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Wise, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marie Josephine Wise, and Mr. Walter Hollis Averill. The wedding will take place in December.

Mrs. Mary Moffitt has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Julia Moffitt, and Mr. William James Ballard, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Ballard. The wedding will take place January 1st.

The engagement of Miss Laura Virginia Edward and Mr. Irwin Donovan has lately been announced by the mother of the bride-elect, Mrs. J. N. Edward. No date has been set for the wedding, but it will probably take place before Christmas.

Mrs. Catherine Hewlett, of Old Orchard, Mo., has sent out cards for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Elsie Wadsworth Hewlett, and Mr. George Rowan Robinson, which will take place on Tuesday evening, November 26, at 6 o'clock, at the Emmanuel Church, at Old Orchard.

Mrs. Randolph Hutchinson will give a reception, on Friday afternoon, from 4 to 6 o'clock, in honor of her son's young bride, Mrs. Carey Talcott Hutchinson, of New York, who is her guest. Mrs. Hutchinson will be assisted by her daughters, Misses Lucy and Martha Hutchinson, and Mrs. Lindell Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Cunningham sent out cards, last week, for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Katharine Cunningham, and Mr. Adolph Germaine Pasquier. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride, from 8 until 10 o'clock, after which the bride and groom will depart for a honeymoon tour.

Cards will be received this week for a fashionable ball which will be given at Mahler's Hall, on November 25th, by Mrs. Frances Beauregard de Aguilar and Miss Susan Leigh Slattery, who will formally introduce into society their sister, Miss Ruth Cary Slattery. As Mrs. De Aguilar is in deep mourning, her duties at the function will be filled by Mrs. Bryce Gray, of New York, who will arrive, this week, to make Mrs. De Aguilar a visit.

A handsome entertainment of Monday evening, was the silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. William Dittman, of Longfellow boulevard, who threw open their home to a large number of guests. The hostess, with her husband, was assisted in receiving by the bridal party who accompanied them at their wedding twenty-five years ago, including Dr. and Mrs. Robert F. Leudeking, Mr. George Dittman, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Mrs. Paul F. Coste, Mr. Otto Eisenhardt and Miss Carrie Eisenhardt.

Miss Claudia Depew Ballard and Mr. Ben Prentice Goodwin, were married, on Tuesday, at 7:30 p. m., by the Rev. Dr. Johnson of the Delmar Avenue Baptist Church. After the ceremony there was a large reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr.

and Mrs. Theodore Reese Ballard, of 3830 Delmar boulevard. Miss Ballard was attended by Miss Gertrude Ballard, and Mr. Goodwin had for his best man Mr. J. O. Ballard. After a honeymoon tour East, the bride and groom will be "at home" to friends on Mondays in January, at 5599 Cabanne avenue.

The entertainment given at the Delmar Baptist Church, on the seventh instant, was voted, unanimously, a success. Miss Carolyn Irwin Mehring's selections, "The First Settler's Story," and "The Doom of Claudio and Cynthia" were received with storms of applause. Her encores, "Hallabalo" and "Kissing" were, in theater parlance, the "hit" of the evening. Miss Mehring conducts a dramatic school in the Odeon, Studio "W.," where private and class lessons are given in the Thespian art.

On Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, Miss Maude Wells and Mr. Clark Streett were married at the Central Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Mauze officiating. Miss Julia Knapp was maid of honor, and Mr. Brewer Eddy, of New York, accompanied Mr. Streett as best man. The bridesmaids were Misses Martha Hutchinson, Susan Larkin Thomson, Florence Streett, Mary M'Ree, Mary Dickinson, of Chicago, and Helen Dodd. The ushers and groomsmen were Messrs. Harry Langenberg, Ingraham Boyd, James L. Ford, Jr., Elder Hollwell, Lloyd Wells, Erastus Wells, Ralph Simpkins and Ross Glasgow. Miss Wells is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Wells, of Lindell boulevard. Miss Wells made her debut last winter at a ball given, at the St. Louis Club, by her parents. She was selected by the Veiled Prophet to be his queen at the last ball, and has, altogether, been quite a belle.

Miss Louise Chappell, who will marry Mr. Horace Rumsey on November 19th, gave a dinner, on Wednesday, in honor of her entire bridal party. Miss Queen Rumsey, who was a member of the party, will entertain them this evening, with a progressive dinner and dance. Mrs. James Green will entertain them at dinner on Friday evening, and Mrs. Stanley Stoner will give them a luncheon on Saturday. Mrs. L. M. Rumsey, the mother of the groom, will give them a dinner on Monday evening, which will bring the festivities to a close in order that the bride may have a short rest before the ceremony. Among the bridal party who will be included in the gaieties of the week are Miss Julia Rumsey, who will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids, Misses Edwina Tutt, Harriet Fowler, Queen Rumsey and Grace Rhorer. The best man will be Mr. Oliver Garrison, and the ushers and groomsmen, Messrs. Earl Robinson, Mark Anderson, Mark Ewing, Gunnar Carlander, Edward Brooks, Sterling Foster, Irwin Hiltz and Guy Alexander.



**HUMIDITY**—*Mr. Ferguson* (calling up the stairway): "Laura, how nearly are you dressed for the theater?" *Mrs. Ferguson* (in tears): "George, I'll have to give it up. I can't get any of the bureau drawers open!" *Mr. Ferguson*: "It's just as well. I can't get my shoes on." *Mr. Ferguson* would had no trouble in getting on his shoes had he purchased them at Swope's. Swope's shoes are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.



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## COMING ATTRACTIONS

At the Century Theater, commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, Adolf Philipp, the well known, German-American actor-manager, will produce his latest success, a musical comedy-drama, "New York in Wort und Bild." In his play, Mr. Philipp shows us, true to life, the ups and downs of the German element. The play is richly embellished with musical numbers of merit. Popular prices will prevail during the engagement.

"The Wizard of Oz," a new spectacular extravaganza, which ran all last summer in Chicago to immense audiences, will be next week's attraction at the Olympic. The two leading comedians, Messrs. Montgomery and Stone, who are credited with two absolutely new creations, the Scarecow and the Tin Woodman, in the "Wizard of Oz," have long been favorites in the better class of vaudeville theaters, but this is their first appearance here in an important production of extravaganza.

The Heineman-Welb Stock Company acquitted itself most creditably in Schiller's masterpiece, "Die Braut von Messina," Sunday evening, at the Germania Theater, and demonstrated its ability to interpret the classic roles with as nice a degree of *finesse* as that displayed in less difficult productions. "Mit Vergnügen," Wednesday evening's offering, so different in character, conceded, as it was, to be a decided success, spoke volumes for the versatility of the company, and the appreciation thereof was amply attested by generous applause. "Robert und Bertram" will be presented Sunday, November the 16th, Miss Bergere, George Heinemann and Hans Loebel essaying the principal roles. Wednesday, November 19th, Adolph L'Arronje's master-piece, "Wohlthatige Frauen," a comedy in four acts, will be the attraction.

"The Cracker Jacks," at the Standard Theater, this week, are drawing large audiences. "The widows" are especially clever and are making a decided "hit." The Mayo sisters are easily the headliners of the vaudeville turns, their singing act being well-received. Others features on the bill were good. Next week, "The Dainty Duchess" will hold the boards.

Mr. Guy Lindsley and a number of pupils of the Lindsley School of Dramatic Art were greeted by a large audience at the Germania Theater, on the occasion of the first of the regular series of the school's public performances. "The Honeymoon," by John Tobin, was the offering. Mr. Lindsley played the Duke Aranza. Miss Helen Wash delighted the audience with her rendition of the archly mischievous Volante. Miss Henrietta Woolman appeared as

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Juliana, and Miss Mabel Simms was a winsome Zamora. Mr. Frederick Demko was irresistibly funny as Lopez, while Mr. E. J. Brady as the Mock Duke showed fine feeling for eccentric comedy. Other members of the cast rendered their respective roles creditably.

Burton Holmes will give the second lecture in his series at the Odeon to-night, the subject being "Denmark, Through Hamlet's Country in a Motor-car." This lecture will not only appeal to the lovers of travel, the picturesque and the quaint, but contains two elements which will appeal strongly to the habits of the recent horse show, and also to those whose hobby is the automobile in its higher development. Horse lovers will in this lecture find themselves conducted by Mr. Holmes to one of the greatest horse fairs in the world, which is held annually at Randers in Denmark. Mr. Holmes has many beautiful slides and motion pictures taken by himself last summer there. The automobileists will see a remarkable motion picture twelve minutes long, describing the Paris-Berlin automobile race in 1901, taken at the Belgian frontier.

Muggsy: Me aunt died yesterday.  
Swipsey: What was de score?—Ohio  
State Journal.

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## The Mirror



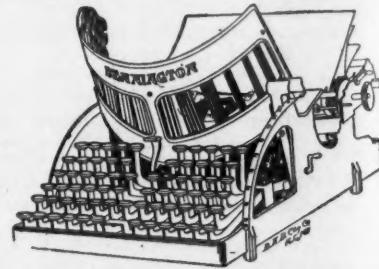
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General Southwestern Agent,  
110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

We claim that our Diamond Stock is unequalled in quality and invite critical examination and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

## GEISHAS OF JAPAN

"Geisha," the professional girl entertainer of Japan, is by no means to be confounded with "Geinin." The word geisha really means actor, "gei" meaning a play or entertainment of any sort; and "sha" means a person. For instance, i-sha means physician, and so on. The word really means what "actor" does in English, but it has come to mean only those girls in Japan who are trained to entertain by dancing and singing to the shamisen and koto, the usual musical instruments for light entertainments; and they are also trained to converse agreeably on topics of the day. "Geinin," on the other hand, while it really means the same thing as geisha, has now come to be applied to artists, in a higher sense.

The name thus given to a class of women, though it seems a perfectly respectable one, does, in fact, sound otherwise to the ears of a Japanese. It is not in their occupation in a legitimate sense, that geisha are undesirable to have in a well-disciplined home, but in a certain unpleasant reputation that is naturally due to the circumstance of their calling.

The geisha are trained to entertain men, and not their own sex. They are the professional entertainers of the cities of the empire and are well paid for their services.

The women of Japan, unlike those of Western countries, have little part in social functions, and the enjoyments of the men are not shared by their wives and daughters. When a man or a party of men wishes to arrange some social entertainment they expect the amusement of the occasion to be furnished by pretty and altogether charming geisha. Generally these affairs are held in tea houses, and it is customary to engage certain geisha who are generally known by what would be called in the Western world their stage names. These are names of flowers, gems, seasons, or indeed anything of great beauty and attractiveness, and are generally known as "flower names." Such names are O Kiku San which means the "Honorable Miss Chrysanthemum;" or O Tama San, which is the "Honorable Miss Jewel;" or O Haru San, the "Honorable Miss Spring." The "O," which means "honorable," is used only before words of one or two syllables, "Miss Camelia," for instance, would be Tsubaki San, merely.

These girls are possessed of wonderful charm and play havoc with the hearts of the young men of Tokio and the other cities. Many of them marry distinguished men, and the wives of some of the most prominent men in Japan to-day were geisha. They are especially alluring to the young college man of Japan. Some of the universities have found it necessary to make very strict rules in regard to the students consorting with the geisha, and some forbid it entirely.

The geisha make a very pretty show in the gay life of the cities, as they are trained to bear themselves well and be vivacious at all times and they dress luxuriously and in exquisite style. They

have the principal boxes at theaters and at all public places. But they have no social rank. They do not form, as is too often supposed by Westerners, a class of demi-mondaine, as that class is known in London, Paris and New York; but they are considered as entirely too free in their manners to be admitted into good society.

It is probable that the geisha will disappear before the enfranchisement of women in Japan. Formerly the Japanese woman was not permitted to take part in social entertainment, and this function fell to the professional entertainer. Men found the geisha far more amusing than the women of their own acquaintance in society, and this led to the creation of this peculiar class. Now that education is accomplishing for women in Japan what it has accomplished for women in France, England and America, it is evident that the day of the geisha is passing. It needs only an opportunity for development to show that the musme, the Japanese girl, can be as entertaining and as interesting as the most charming geisha of Kyoto—which has attained the bad eminence of producing the most beautiful and entertaining geisha in the Japanese empire.—*Japanese Mail*.



On Wednesday, the 12th, there was placed in service, by the Illinois Central Railroad Company, between St. Louis and Chicago, a specially built equipment for the mid-day train, the Daylight Special. The accoutrements of this train accord with the most aesthetic tastes, and add every possible appurtenance conducive to the travelers' comfort and convenience. One innovation that will be appreciated by the gentler sex, is a dainty writing desk, in the parlor car, similar to that furnished the gentlemen in the buffet-library car. The Daylight Special was first put on as a mid-day train between St. Louis and Chicago, May 1st, 1898, in compliance with the wishes of the Business Men's League. Then, of course, it was only an experiment, but now that this enterprising company has seen that it is a decided success, it has, with its usual "up-to-dateness," improved upon the service, until now every appointment in buffet-library, parlor, dining, free reclining chair car and smoker has reached its acme of elegance and completeness. Lovers of luxurious ease will do well, when traveling between these two points, the Mound and the Windy City, to patronize the Illinois Central route.



Week before last, Mr. Harrison J. Drummond closed one of the largest insurance contracts ever written in this State, with the New York Life Insurance Company, through Mr. Edwin Gloor, of the Rialto branch, the beneficiaries being "Jack and Gill," the interesting Drummond twins.



A startling array of the popular Kaiser Zinn suitable for wedding gifts at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



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Lamps suitable for gifts because of their uniqueness—all individual pieces, all beautiful.

Shades made to match all lamps—Colonial shades to go with Colonial furnishings, Cretonne shades in colorings and design of room hangings.

Electroliers in the beautiful Art Nouveau bronzes, large and small, particularly good ones for newel post and library table.

Upholstery Department: the great amount of work in this department made it necessary for us to decline further orders during the past two weeks, but we are now prepared to promptly execute all commissions in recovering chairs, hanging curtains and portieres, making over mattresses and general upholstery work.

Broadway, Olive, Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

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\$18—To New Orleans and Return—\$18

VIA MOBILE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Tickets on sale November 16, 17 and  
18, at 518 Olive street and Union Sta-  
tion.

# A "SPACE-MAKING SALE" AT JUDGE & DOLPH'S

In order to accommodate our constantly increasing number of customers most conveniently it has become necessary to make some rearrangements in several of the departments of this big  
NEW DRUG STORE.

There are several lots of bulky goods which interfere somewhat with our rapid "getting into shape." They can, perhaps, be best moved this way:

### Patent Medicines.

Hall's Hair Renewer, reg. \$1	67c
Mellin's Food, reg. 75c	55c
Duffy's Malt Whiskey, reg. \$1—cut to	69c
Hostetter's Bitters, reg. \$1	67c
Peruna, reg. \$1—cut to	73c
Pinkham's Comp., reg. \$1	73c
Kilmer's Swamp-Root, reg. \$1—cut to	71c
S. S. S., reg. \$1—cut to	71c
Wine of Cardui, reg. \$1—cut to	71c
Pierce's Favorite Prescription, reg. \$1—cut to	83c
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, reg. \$1—cut to	83c
Syrup of Figs, reg. 50c—cut to	37c
Castoria, reg. 35c—cut to	25c
Listerine, reg. \$1—cut to	65c
Fellows' Syrup, reg. \$1.50—cut to	\$1.13
Pure Cod Liver Oil, reg. 75c—pint	50c
Laxative—Bromo-Quinine Tablets, reg. 25c	18c
Sulphogen, reg. \$1	83c
Quinets (cure cold in one day)	15c
Piso Cough Cure, reg. 25c	20c
Bell's Pine Tar Honey, reg. 25c—cut to	20c
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, reg. 25c—cut to	20c
Scott's Emulsion, reg. 50c	39c
Bull's Cough Syrup, reg. 25c	20c
King's New Discovery, reg. 50c	42c
Jaynes' Expectorant, reg. 50c	42c
Omega Oil, reg. 50c	42c
Hagee's Cordial, reg. \$1	83c
Hydroline, reg. \$1	83c
Maltine Preparations, reg. \$1	83c
Gude's Pepto-mangan, reg. \$1	83c
Warner's Saf. Cure, reg. \$1	83c
Mother's Friend, reg. \$1	83c
Paine's Celery Comp., reg. \$1	77c
De Lacy's Hair Tonic, reg. \$1	71c
Coke Dandruff Cure, reg. \$1	73c
Hay's Hair Health, reg. 50c	39c
Ayer's Hair Vigor, reg. \$1	67c
Carter's Pills, 25c—cut to	18c
2 for	35c
Eupepsia, reg. 50c	42c

## HEALTH FOODS

AT

LESS  $\frac{2}{3}$  REGULAR PRICE.

MALTA VITA, "FORCE,"  
9c Pk.

### Sundries.

Box Paper, $\frac{1}{4}$ doz. different varieties, reg. 50c	per box—Sale Price.....	17c
Chamois Skins.....	19c	
Chamois Vests, reg. \$2.50, cut to.....	\$1.50	
Flannel Chest Protector.....	47c	

### Complexion Aids.

Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream, reg. 50c	33c
Freeman's Face Powder, reg. 25c	17c
R. & G. Violette de Parma Face Powder, reg. 50c	35c
Java Rice Face Powder, reg. 50c	21c
Pozzoni's Face Powder, reg. 50c, cut to.....	29c

### Drugs and Chemicals.

Witch Hazel, pint bottle (Dickenson double distilled)	10c
Glycerine (pure), per pound bottle.....	19c
Quinine, per ounce.....	43c
Empty Capsules, any size, per 100.....	5c

### Our Cigar Department.

is constantly selling Cigars at retail for LESS than the ordinary dealer can buy them for.	
Lillian Russell, 5 for.....	15c
9 for.....	25c
Lillian Russell, box of 50.....	\$1.35
The famous old brand, "Jackson Squares" at.....	
Belmonts, 10c size.....	3 for 10c
5 for 30c	
We solicit your trade on the basis of real values. When you buy the more or less famous advertised 10c brand from us you get them at their real value. For instance:	
2 for 25c size Preferencias at.....	3 for 25c
10c straight size Preferencias at.....	2 for 25c
10c straight size Chancellors at.....	2 for 15c
10,000 more of the Famous Tom Benton, full perfecto, 3 for 25c size.....	5c
Abonitas, 3 for 25c size.....	5c
Childs.....	3 for 10c
Box of 50.....	\$1.50

William's Shaving Soap, regular 10c cake.....

3 $\frac{1}{2}$ C

Pasteurine Tooth-Paste, regular 25c, cut to.....

9c

Hand Sapolio, regular 10c cake, cut to.....

5c

Hundreds of patent medicines and preparations, which, owing to the limited demand for them, the ordinary druggist does not keep or know of, are to be had at

## Judge & Dolph's New Drug Store,

BETWEEN BARR'S CORNER AND SCRUGGS' OLIVE STREET ENTRANCE.

CUTICURA SOAP, regular price 25c..... 19c

515 OLIVE ST.

SOLON PALMER'S ALMOND MEAL, regular price 25c..... 15c

### TO DANCE OR NOT

Is it to be a dancing winter? From various signs of the times the natural conclusion is that things in the dance line will look up as they have not done for several seasons. There are two or three reasons which may be discovered for this if one cares to know them, but the most interesting seems to be found in the general favor that is bestowed upon all exercises favorable to physical culture. That dancing, if indulged in temperately, sets the blood to circulating healthfully there is no doubt, and since every man, woman and child nowadays does daily perform certain stunts recommended for that purpose, as a duty or as a pleasure, it is quite to be expected that in the list of

beneficial exercises dancing will have a place.

Looking at the recreation in this way it is easy to see how men and women who have hesitated to join in dancing because of a certain maturity of years and of figure will throw aside all fear of what young persons may say of their attempts to renew their youth, and go on with the dance on the plea that they need the exercise, and forget those troublesome reminders of the passing of time called "birthdays." This attitude, then, coming to be generally accepted, we shall expect to see all kinds of affairs ending with a dance or two. Meetings of women's clubs at which men will be admitted will be more frequent; indeed, the

"annual gentleman's night," which all clubs observe, may be changed to read "the fortnightly gentleman's night," and men's clubs institute a more generous sprinkling of "ladies' nights" in order that dancing may be a frequent joy—perhaps.

On every card that one receives, then, to a function or affair there will probably be the legend "it is to dance." To those who would know something about the amount of exercise included in an evening or a part of an evening, devoted to dancing it may be said that four waltzes equal just about two miles of good, brisk walking in their ability to stir the blood and clear the mind of worrying thoughts. Perhaps, if dancing is really taken up

seriously as a phase of physical culture, we shall see put down on every dance card the estimated equivalent of each dance in smart walking on a smooth road.—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

\*\$\*\$\*

\$18—To New Orleans and Return—\$18

VIA MOBILE & OHIO RAILROAD

Tickets on sale November 16, 17, and 18, at 518 Olive street and Union Station.

Postprandial effulgence: "He's quite a star as an after-dinner speaker, isn't he?" "Star? He's a regular moon. He becomes brighter the fuller he gets."—*Philadelphia Press*.

\*\$\*\$\*

Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's

"On the road to California,"

THE BACK BONE  
OF THE CONTINENT.

From the top of Capitol hill in Denver one can get a view of the Rocky Mountains that is well worth the trip from New York or Boston to see. The NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES. and their connections take you quickly and luxuriously. Visit Colorado on your way.

A copy of the New York Central's "Four-Track Series" No. 5, containing a new map of the United States, of North and South America, and our new possessions in the West Indies, will be sent free, to any address, on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK,

—THE—

Cracker Jack Burlesquers

NEXT WEEK,

The Dainty Duchess

GERMANIA THEATER,  
FOURTEENTH AND LOCUST.  
Heinemann and Weib Managers.  
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, 1902.  
George Heinemann, Hans Loebel and Leona Bergere in the Great Laughing and Musical Success.

ROBERT UND BERTRAM  
THE TWO TRAMPS.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1902,  
Adolph L'Arronge's Masterpiece,

WOHLTHATIGE FRAUEN.

Comedy in Four Acts.  
Box Office open from 9 a m to 6 p m. Phone  
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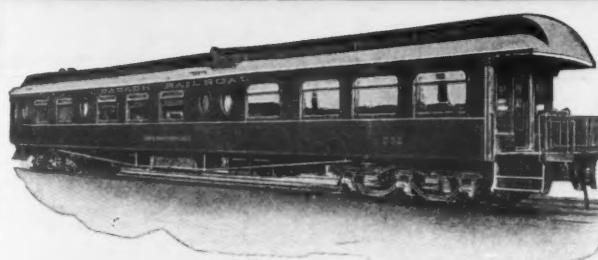
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OMAHA, DES MOINES, TOLEDO, DETROIT,  
NIAGARA FALLS and BUFFALO,

All through car lines to DENVER, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

LUXURIOUS PARLOR, SLEEPING, DINING, OBSERVATION-  
CAFE AND CHAIR CARS COMPOSE ITS TRAINS.

WABASH  
LINE

THIS WEEK,  
Mr. Richard Mansfield  
IN  
Julius Caesar.  
Reg. Mat. Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY,  
The Wizard  
of Oz.  
Reserved Seats Thurs.

PRIMROSE &  
DOCKSTADER'S  
—BIG—  
MINSTRELS.  
Reg. Mat. Saturday.

OLYMPIC—To-night at 8

BURTON  
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LECTURES.

MAGNIFICENTLY COLORED VIEWS  
AND ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURES

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RESERVED SEATS,  
25c, 50c, 75c, at Bullman's and Odeon.  
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OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.  
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LAST OPPORTUNITY TO SUBSCRIBE.

SIX BRILLIANT CONCERTS IN THE ODEON. The Only Great Musical Events of the Season of 1902-1903 in St. Louis.

WORLD-RENNED SOLOISTS.  
Raoul Pugno, Jaroslav Kocian, Anita Rio, Carrie Bridewell, Louise Homer, Janet Spencer, Evan Williams, Glen Hall, Herbert Witherspoon, Gwyn Miles and Celebrated Singers from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

NONE OF THESE GREAT ARTISTS WILL APPEAR AT LOCAL MUSICAL FUNCTIONS BEFORE BEING HEARD AT THE CHORAL-SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The seats of subscribers of last season have been reserved, as per letter of Secretary sent to all old subscribers.  
NEW SUBSCRIBERS will communicate with the Secretary of the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society, the Odeon, city, for the purpose of reserving seats. Please do so AT ONCE, if you care for choice seats.

SCALE OF PRICES—SEASON OF SIX CONCERTS.  
Parquet Seats, each. \$10.00 | Balcony, remaining rows. \$5.00  
Balcony, first two rows. \$7.50 | Boxes, seating six. \$100.00

OLYMPIC

NEXT SUNDAY,

Adolf Philipp  
IN  
"New York in  
Wort und Bild".

Reg. Mat. Saturday.  
Reserved Seats Thurs.

## The Mirror

### THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street is in a savage mood. It refuses to be comforted by any prophesies of a change for the better in the near future. Things look decidedly blue, and unfavorable features are multiplying. The pools are still "overloaded" with inflated stuff, but, to their intense chagrin, find it difficult to make "suckers" nibble and bite once more at the alluring bait. It begins to dawn upon the feverish, puzzled brain of stock-jobbers that things have changed, that the guardian angel of "easy lambs" has been working overtime in the past few months and revealed to his confiding wards some of the frowning dangers that are encompassing the speculative position. As the days pass by without bringing a revival of bullish activity, anxiety and fear, and even alarm, are raising their Gorgon head, and making syndicate-managers shiver and tremble at the thought that, possibly, the proper psychological moment of "unloading" has vanished to return no more.

Money rates remain comparatively stiff. It is even intimated that leading New York banks will not lend any more funds at less than 6 per cent, and that there will soon be more cancelling of loans and fresh liquidation. Nowhere is there any speculative enthusiasm. Former bull leaders are evidently loathe to renew a campaign for higher prices at the present juncture, while the ever alert bruisers seem to be contemplating taking some sinister, disturbing measures and prowling around bull fences in search of convenient openings. The late reaction in values has whetted the appetite of bears, and they seem to have conceived the idea that stocks are a fairly easy sale, and that Morgan and his friends are not eager to extend strong support, and, perhaps, countenancing measures looking towards a readjustment of values.

News from Washington has not been at all to the gusto of Wall street bulls in the past few days. Mr. Shaw is once more asserting his manly independence of thought and action. He has summoned up his courage and let it be known that Wall street need not look to

him any more for relief. The Secretary must be congratulated upon his courageous resolution, even if it is likely to evaporate again into airy nothingness as soon as stock-manipulators have succeeded in working up another portentous scare. It is quite evident that Mr. Shaw has about reached the end of his rope, so far as monetary relief-measures are concerned. It is hard to see how he could alleviate the pangs of another financial famine without resorting to extraordinary and absolutely unjustifiable methods. He has bought bonds, anticipated interest-coupons, substituted municipal for Federal securities, nullified the clause calling for reserves against Government deposits, and thus done everything within, and even beyond, his authority to tide over difficulties in the financial situation.

Treasury disbursements have, as anticipated by competent critics weeks ago, had a very unwholesome effect, inasmuch as they have made it clear to European financial institutions that the United States has plenty of gold on hand and is, in fact, the only available source, at this time, from which funds may be drawn wherewith to meet the pressing demands of various governments. Thus, the money with which Wall street expected to engineer another bull movement in stocks promises to go to London, Paris and Berlin, where there is, likewise, a very good demand for idle funds. As is well known, British and Continental banks and capitalists have been lending us large amounts of money during the last eighteen months. The late course of sterling exchange at New York and Paris has made it clear that Wall street is still borrowing abroad and straining every nerve to prevent shipments of yellow metal at this time. But this process cannot go on forever. Some day it will have to be stopped. Some day Europe will recall loans made on this side, and when it does recall them, the effect will not inure to the comfort of bull speculators. On the contrary, it will precipitate heavy and ruinous liquidation and bring about a decisive break in the value of inflated stocks.

There are ugly rumors relating to a

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**ZAH SAH MOO**  
SHANGHAI, CHINA.  
Merchant in Chinese Curios.

I want a smart American youth to sell my Chinese Curios. Large commission paid to the right man. Send five cents American Postage Stamps, and we will send package of samples free.

**ZAH SAH MOO,**  
Shanghai, China.

## The Mirror

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#### UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

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**SURPLUS, - - - \$1,000,000.00**

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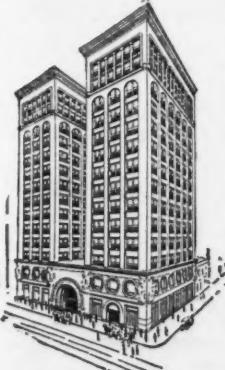
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PAYS **2%** INTEREST

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Examined, certified and guaranteed.

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Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

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Interest Allowed on Deposits.

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BOND AND STOCK COMPANY.

COMMONWEALTH TRUST BUILDING, ROOMS 208-209-210

Dealers in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

### Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for the MIRROR by Billon-Crandall-McGeary Bond and Stock Co., 421 Olive street.

### CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gld) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	102 1/4 - 103
Park " 6	A O	April 1, 1906	109 - 110
Property (cur) 6	A O	Apr 10, 1906	10 - 111
Renewal (gld) 3.65	J D	Jun 25, 1907	101 1/4 - 101 1/2
" 3 1/2	A O	Apr 10, 1908	104 - 105 1/2
" 4	J D	Dec, 1908	102 1/4 - 103
" 4	J J	July 1, 1918	111 - 112
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104 - 105
" 3 1/2	M S	June 2, 1920	104 - 106
" ster. £100 4	M *	Nov 2, 1911	107 - 108
" (gld) 4	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107 1/4 - 108 1/4
" 4	A O	Oct 1, 1913	107 1/4 - 110
" 4	J D	June 1, 1914	109 - 110
" 3.65	M N	May 1, 1915	104 - 105
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1918	102 1/4 - 103
World's Fair 3 1/2	A O	Apr 1, 1902	100% - 101
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about			\$ 23,856,277
Assessment			352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.,	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104 1/4 - 105 1/4
" 3 1/2%	F A	Feb 1, 1921	102 1/2 - 104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J D	June, 1920	104 - 106
" 4	A O	Apr 1, 1914	104 - 106
" 4 5-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102 - 103
" 4 10-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103 - 105
" 4 15-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104 - 105
" 4	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105 - 106
" 4 10-20	J D	July 1, 1919	104 - 107
" 4 10-20	J D	June 1, 1920	104 - 106
" 3 1/2%	J J	July 1, 1921	101 - 103

### MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Wh'n Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	81 - 84
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 - 101
Century Bldg 1st 6s	1916	107 - 109
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	104 - 106
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100 - 101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10.	1904	99 - 101 1/2
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	110 - 112
Kinloch Tel 1st 5s	1919	107 - 109
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s.	1929	116 - 117
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1830	112 1/2 - 113
Mo Electric Lt 2d 6s	1921	115 - 116
Missouri Edison 1st mort 5s.	1927	88 - 89
St. Louis Agric. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	94 - 94 1/2
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s	1919	102 - 102 1/2
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	101 1/4 - 105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

### BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Oct. '02, 2 Q	325 - 330
Boatmen's	100	June '02, 3 1/2 S	246 - 247
Bremen Sav.	100	July '02, 8 S	325 - 380
Fourth National	100	Nov. '02, 5 S	351 - 353
Franklin	100	June, '02, 4 S	190 - 200
German Savings	100	July '02, 6 S	395 - 400
German-Amer.	100	July '02, 20 S	450 - 1000
International	100	Sept. '02, 1 1/2 Q	180 - 190
Jefferson	100	Oct. '02, 3 Q	230 - 235
Lafayette	100	July '02, 10 S	525 - 575
Manchester Bk.	100		135 -
Mechanic's Nat.	100	Oct. '02, 2 1/2 Q	294 - 298
Merch.-Laclede.	100	Sept. '02, 2 Q	307 - 309
Northwestern	100	July '02, 4 S	80 - 195
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. '02, 2 1/2 Q	392 - 394
South Side	100	Nov. '02, 3 S	141 - 145
Southern com.	100	July '02, 3 S	120 - 130
State National	100	June '02, 3 S	209 - 211
Third National	100	Oct. '02, 2 Q	337 - 338
Vanderbilt Bk.	100		110 - 120

\*Quoted 100 for par.

coming cut in the prices of steel products. The United States Steel Corporation is worried over competition by small concerns and the growing rate of production. Tin plate and tube prices have already experienced a slashing, and made it plain to everybody with sense enough to think that prosperity is working both ways, that it increases profits and increases production. The steel shares display significant weakness. There is little support to them. Every little rally evokes substantial selling for both long and short account. Who does this selling? It looks very much as if it must be credited to people who possess intimate knowledge of what is going on. United States Steel common, is still a 4 per cent stock. The time is not so distant when it will be among the non-dividend-payers and sell at less than 25.

they still maintain that prices are altogether too high, and that the inauguration of a campaign for lower prices would be a splendid thing for local speculation, inasmuch as it would tend to revive activity and attract new and stronger buyers. Trust company stocks appear to be the favorite with those who have courage enough to buy at present. Missouri Trust gives decided indications of moving up. Germany, Lincoln, Colonial and Mississippi are reflecting good support and confident buying by investors. Commonwealth is watched closely by people who believe that it will be absorbed by some other concern. Street railway issues are quiet and maintain their previous level. Money is firm at 6 per cent. Sterling exchange is steady and quoted at 4.87 1/2.

### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

S. E. E., Fort Scott, Kan.—You should have kept out of T. Coal and Iron. Would not advise you to buy more. Try to pull out on the first rally. Colorado S. 2nd preferred is not attractive.

" Taps."—Glad you held on to your trust stock. It is undoubtedly acting well. Would not purchase Commonwealth. Let Equipment alone.

F. D.—Cannot recommend Union Pacific common. Would advise you to refrain from doing anything in stocks for the present. Read this week's article carefully. Southern Pacific collateral bonds are a good investment.

B. S.—The concern is reported in good standing. Cannot give any personal information. This answer covers the other case also.

X. Y. Z.—Would not buy Frisco common at price named. Think you will have a chance to get it at a lower price before long.

" Lamb," Springfield, Ill.—Dividends on Eastern Illinois preferred and common are guaranteed by Frisco. Would not buy Ont. & Western. It is known as a "lobster," and selling for all it is worth.



Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.



Winter tourist rates via Iron Mountain route, on sale October 15th to April 30th, 1903.



When Paderewski was introduced by Walter Damrosch to the champion polo player of England, the other day, he is said to have remarked: "I know we shall be good friends, for you are a dear soul who plays polo, whereas I am a dear Pole who plays solo."



E. Jaccard Jewelry Co's office at Mermod & Jaccard's Jewelry Co., Broadway and Locust street.



\$18—To New Orleans and Return—\$18 VIA MOBILE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Tickets on sale November 16, 17 and 18, at 518 Olive street and Union Station.

## Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

Has a choice lot of Municipal, Railroad and Corporation Bonds, bought primarily for its own investment, from which its customers are invited to make selections when wanting safe investments for their funds. Personal interviews solicited. Inquiries by mail given careful attention. List of bonds for sale mailed on application.

# CRAWFORD'S

## AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

The other day, as Mr. Crawford walked down one of the aisles of his store, he noticed one woman among many others examining carefully a certain piece of dress goods material. Mr. C. stepped up to her, asking if someone was waiting upon her? She answered, "No," and that she did not want anyone, as she only wished to examine this certain piece of goods, asking Mr. Crawford, at the same time, how much it was. He, looking at the ticket, answered, "49c." Mr. C. was alarmed to notice the poor lady change color and ask for a drink of water, which was promptly given her. After a minute's silence she put down a package on the counter, and tremblingly untied the string around it, bringing forth a piece of goods similar to the one she had just been examining, and asked Mr. C. if they were similar. He answered, saying: "Yes, the very same goods." "Well, well! I just paid 75c a yard for mine, 'tis awful." "Well," answered Mr. C., "if I were your husband I would get a divorce from you for throwing away my money in such a fashion!!" The poor woman answered: Maybe I am not so much to blame, after all, as my husband and I were looking over the advertisements, the other night, and he knew I wanted a new dress; we noticed this store's list where it said, 'Double-fold Imported Scotch Granite Cloth reduced from \$1.25 to 75c;' he at once said, 'Mary, there's your chance, 50c a yard saved, go right down in the morning and buy your dress \$2.50 less than you would have got it for yesterday;' so I just came down and got it. Is it Scotch?" she asked. "No," said Mr. C., "It never saw Scotland or ever heard of it, it is domestic goods," adding: "Now, instead of your husband getting a divorce from you, you ought to get one from him, as he is luney, and wants a 'penny o' the shilling.'" "What shall I do?" she asked. "Well," said Mr. C., "the store you bought this at is strictly, as it were, up-to-date, was never known to tell a lie, and it is one of those who blazon on their outer walls the words, 'your money back, if wanted.' This you should do for your own sake; ask for your money back. You need not buy my goods!" In about fifteen minutes the poor woman came back, shaking her head, and with a crest-fallen look, said: "They would not do it; they said I bought the goods and must keep them." Moral—When you can eat all you see, then you may believe all you hear.

CAUTION—Keep your eye on the Clocks and the Minute Guns!

## A FEW SPECIALS AS TRADE-WORKERS FOR THE BALANCE OF THE WEEK.

### A FEW OF THE SPECIAL PLUMS

To be Found in the Dress Goods Department This Week.

100 pieces fancy Stripe Waistings, fast colors, stripe woven in the fabric, regular 20c quality, this week	12 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub> C
All-wool Snowflake Suiting, regular 50c quality, this week, special	37 <sup>1</sup> <sub>2</sub> C
54-inch imported Broadcloth, in all the new shades, twilled back and all-wool, regular \$1.25 quality, this week, special	98c
54-inch blue-gray Zibeline, all-wool, regular \$1.25 quality, this week, special	79c
Just received 40 pieces Zibeline in all the new fall shades, regular \$1.35 quality, this week, special	89c

### RIBBONS.

Last week was one of the biggest Ribbon weeks we ever had. We are not surprised, neither will you be, when you see how cheap our Ribbons are sold.

Another lot of those one yard to one yard and a half remnant lengths of ribbon, three to six inches wide, plain taffeta, liberty satin and fancies, actually worth 25c and 35c a remnant, to close—  
This Week..... 15c

No. 9 fancy hair Ribbons, actual value 10c yard, for..... 5c

Our best quality plain Taffeta Ribbon, No. 80 width, always sold at 25c a yard—  
This Week..... 15c



DO NOT MISS THIS SALE.

### SHEET MUSIC.

VOCAL.	List Price	Cut Price
Mr. Pickwick, a musical comedy, as produced by the DeWolf Hopper Opera Co.—Boys Will Be Boys, Speak Love, The Lay of the Merry Ha-Ha, each	50c	23c
Bill Bailey, In the Good Old Summer Time, each	50c	18c
Sammy, I'll Be Your Rain Beau .....	50c	18c
If I But Knew, I'm Goin' to Leave .....	50c	18c
Please Let Me Sleep, On a Sunday Afternoon, each	50c	18c
I'm Getting Awful Lazy, My Water Lou, each	50c	18c
The Tie That Binds, Just Next Door, each	50c	18c
Nancy Brown, A Little Boy in Blue, each	50c	18c
The Maiden With the Dreamy Eyes .....	50c	18c
Everybody Has a Whistle Like Me .....	50c	18c
INSTRUMENTAL.		
Hiawatha—a Summer Idyl.	60c	23c
The Strollers—March and Two-step .....	50c	18c
'Neath Southern Skies—March—Two-step	50c	18c
Blaze Away—March—Two-step .....	50c	18c
The Mississippi Bubble—Two-step .....	50c	18c
Aunt Minervy Ann—Ragtime—Two-step .....	50c	18c
Echoes From Old Kentucky—Two-step .....	50c	18c
If I Were King—Waltz .....	50c	18c
Lazarre Waltzes .....	50c	18c

### NOTIONS.

3c Basting Cotton.....	AT 1C
4c Needles.....	
3c Hooks and Eyes.....	
4c Thimbles.....	
4c Cotton Tape.....	
10c Imported Frames at.....	5c
25c Imported Frames, at.....	10c
15c Hose Supporters, at.....	9c
5c Curling Irons.....	
5c Pearl Buttons.....	
10c Jet Buttons.....	
5c Machine Oil.....	
5c Hooks and Eyes.....	
15c Shoe Strings, at.....	10c
15c Hook and Eyes Tape, at.....	5c
10c Pearl Buttons, at.....	5c

AT 2C
15c
10c
5c
5c

### STATIONERY.

At 15c per box, white and tinted Stationery, envelopes to match, worth 25c.
At 25c—500 boxes of Stationery, 4 tints in each box, 60 sheets of paper, 50 envelopes, worth 45c.
At 10c per box, children's Stationery, beautiful designs, worth 20c.

At 35c per box, Berlin Bond Stationery, 2 tints in box, 100 sheets of paper, 50 envelopes, worth 65c.

### Beaded and Wrist Bags.

90c Beaded Bags, at.....	50c
45c Leather Wrist Bags, at 25c	
25c Leather Wrist Bags, at 15c	
\$1 Leather Wrist Bags, at.....	50c

### Perfumes and Soaps.

4c Witch Hazel Soap, at.....	1c
20c Kirk's Witch Hazel Soap, per box	10c
25c Lubin's Soap, per box	8c
35c Castile Soap, per bar	20c
20c Florida Water, 6 oz.	10c
20c Bay Rum, 6 oz.	10c
15c White Tar Soap, per cake	5c
25c Cosmo Buttermilk Soap, per box	18c
35c Cologne Bouquet Soap, per box	15c
25c Lundborg's Perfume, cut glass bottle, at.....	10c
50c Peruvia Cream, finest made, at.....	25c

D. CRAWFORD & CO., Washington Ave. and Sixth St.

# The Mirror

THROUGH SLEEPERS  
between  
ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS  
and  
ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE.



NEW EQUIPMENT  
—  
ELEGANT DINING CARS  
—  
SUPERIOR SERVICE

The Mirror

# Texas-Bound

In the Fall and Winter months, as the tide of travel sets Southward, one naturally feels some interest in the selection of a quick and comfortable route. The



Operates Fast Limited Trains to the prominent business centers of Oklahoma and Texas—trains lighted by electricity, and provided with Cafe Observation Cars, under the management of Fred Harvey.

**THERE'S NO BETTER ROUTE.**

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**TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.**

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